


Tenth Year
1937 - - - -

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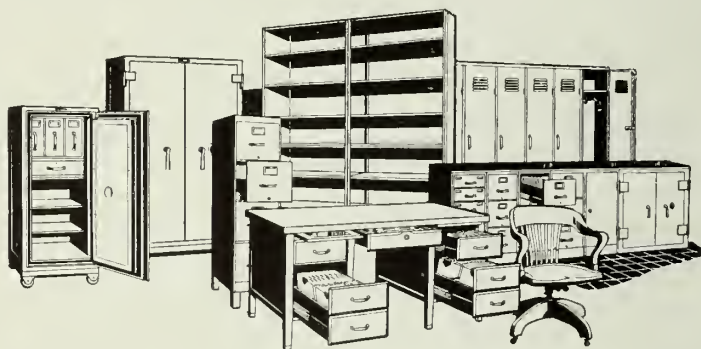
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VOL. 10

NEWMARKET, ONT.

1937

The Tenth Year of Pickering College's Annual Magazine

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7. Literary Editor King discovers an idea.

EDITORIAL

To The Future

Ten more years have slipped away. Ten years packed with success and achievement. In academic, athletic and social pursuits, we have earned an enviable position. We have now completed ten years upon which we can look back with pride and a measure of satisfaction. Ten years represents the achievement of a goal. Ten years in the life of a growing school, in a young country, in an everchanging world. A glance through Pickering's annals would show why we are so justly proud, therefore, of our past.

To-day we live in trouble-burdened and strife-ridden times. The either courageous or foolhardy readers of the daily newspapers are constantly reminded of bloody war, brutal murders, discontented labour, political intrigue, social prejudice and prize fights. The madness displayed is only equalled by the insanity eventually induced in the reader. Modern man must perform mental gymnastics if he is to keep up with this rapidly shifting kaleidoscope; most, however, go down with all the fight taken out of them. History is in the making all about us. Society is being renovated. But for the better? Perhaps never before have we been farther away from that long-dreamt-of Utopia in which man shall dwell with man as friend and brother. The visions of the idealists appear a long way from accomplished in this allegedly practical world. We may be permitted, perhaps, to revel in the glories of the past, though they to their contemporaries were not so glamorous, for we live in a chaotic present.

Whither bound? Where lies salvation? The realization of envisioned plans and dreams lies only in the future. The past is dead and gone: we have but to mourn over and profit by our mistakes. The present is governed by what is gone before; we live and learn. In the future is the unworked material of which to-days are made. We have a heritage, but we also have a problem. It is up to youth to not only tackle, but to solve it. Now we are working towards a to-morrow that is ours, and which we all shall profit by. It has been said and will be said that job is too great. There once was a man who passed this way to whom no task was too small, too large. To us has been passed the torch: let us hold it high, and allow us "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

This magazine, therefore, if to anything, is dedicated to the future.

BEHIND THE SCENES

"WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" If you were asked that very question in that very self-same tone of voice about 2,374.6 times semi-weekly, you'd probably start to wonder (1) do about what? (2) what *are* we going to do? We did try wondering.

Suppose we drop in on the Editorial Staff and see what they're doing about it. It probably would be more fun to go to the movies to-night, even if it is a double-bill, but we're going to pay a visit to Behind the Scenes of a Magazine Office, Chapter One. We've known readers who insisted on knowing what was going on Behind the Scenes of All Sorts of Industries, to such an extent that the only privacy an Industry had was to be In Front of the Scenes all the time. However, we hope this will fix their insatiable curiosity so they will never need to, or want to, know again what takes place in the Editor's sanctum sanctorum.

Prying open the door, (never knock; you're liable to wake some one up), we wade through the piles of copy, debris, reporters and other what-not scattered about the rims of the seemingly inaccessible, but inevitable waste-baskets.

On the desk, if the editor would take his feet down off it, you might see some copy. This is left in a conspicuous place as a decoy while the editor lies in wait with shears and blue-pencil behind a typewriter. Should anything develop, as things occasionally do, you would be the witness to a most remarkable sight. Few people, even office boys and hard-hearted re-write men who habitually frequent the office, have ever seen the editor fly into action, brandishing pad and pencil, or waving a typewriter over his head. Gears grind, wheels spin and the universe trembles. But as we say, few people have ever seen this. That is, few living people.

Some of the more harmless things on exhibition are the photographers and assistant pencil-sharpeners. They have little in common with the rest of the staff. Insult a photographer and he'll come right back at you by taking your picture, (usually when you're not the least bit ready), or by going into a dark room and sulking. The literary editors look at picture books all day because—no, not because they can't read, but because they like to. Other sundry department heads, such as the Sport's Editor, play parchesi or tiddly-winks. The very essence of peace and repose is represented here in this charming little pastoral scene.

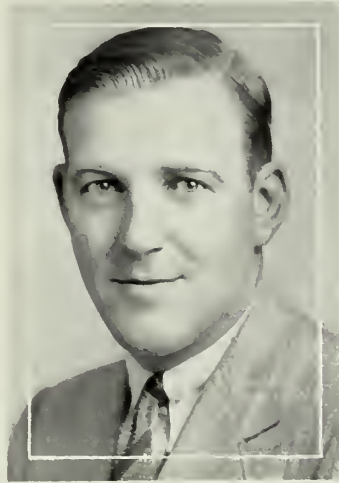
Yes, it is this whirlwind and maelstrom of cataclysmical phantasmagoria that depicts the titanic and at times even pitifully gigantic struggle of a few individuals, who should know better, to present this masterpiece in publication to you. We hope this will answer all your questions, with, perhaps, the exception: "Why was this ever written?"

REFLECTIONS OF A HEADMASTER

IN BARRIE'S CHARMING PLAY "Quality Street" the author makes one of his female characters say "Why is it that thirty seems so much older than twenty-nine?" The query is uttered plaintively by a young lady who apparently is having to resign herself to long years of single blessedness.

At this time I am moved to a somewhat similar comment,—“why is it that the tenth year seems so much more important than the ninth?” I must confess I do not know the answer but I am very certain that this year has seemed more than usually important. It marks a decade since the re-opening of the doors of the school in 1927. Now that we are nearing the actual completion of the final year's work of that decade, it seems a good time to reflect on our experiences. May I be pardoned, therefore, if

this article is even more personal in tone than it is my custom to contribute to these pages



OLD TRADITIONS, NEW IDEALS

The above phrase was used in much of our advertising literature during the first few years of the school. We were very conscious of the fine reputation and the noble traditions that had been established for us by the old Quaker school at Newmarket and before that at Pickering. Everywhere I went among people who were familiar with the work of the school prior to 1917, I heard it described in the highest terms. Furthermore, it was evident that at all times there had been infused into the life of the school those spiritual qualities which for centuries have marked the history of the Society of Friends.

But there had been a gap of ten years. Old contacts and associations had been lost or broken. A young headmaster, unacquainted personally with the old school, was undertaking to revivify those fine traditions. But it was a new and different day. The cataclysm of the war years had altered not only the face of the earth but the mould of men's thoughts and we were and are still in the midst of changes, social, economic, political and religious more striking and more significant than any that have occurred within the recent memory of man. We have forsaken horse and buggy, the stage-coach, the paddle-wheel steamer. We have forsaken the primitive and largely agricultural life of our fore-fathers. The world has become infinitely smaller. Its economic mechanism has become tremendously complicated. New scientific light has changed the climate of opinion which governs to such a large extent our customs, our conventions and our modes of living. Education, to serve the new day must be different.

It was not only our privilege but our duty to endeavour to combine in the new school all that was of value in the tradition of the past and to re-adapt

it to suit this day and generation. We have given up using the phrase "new ideals" largely because I have become convinced that the best ideals in education are not new; techniques and processes may alter from age to age, but the realities of a vital educational process are certainly as old as are the messages of the prophets of Israel and the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Some of those factors I shall attempt to describe. The question, however, still remains with me as a challenge: "can we carry, have we carried on the tradition of our predecessors in a manner calculated to serve our day and generation?" That is at once and the same time the criterion of the success or failure of our work during the past ten years, and a challenge for all that is to come.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

It was desired by the sponsors of the school that Pickering College should be a "Canadian School" in its whole atmosphere and feeling. To say this is not to be negatively critical of other institutions, but rather to express a positive attitude towards the form in which our own work should be cast. The Canadian culture is not a transplant of any trans-oceanic form. Our roots, indeed, go deep into the tradition and history of the British peoples, and certainly our institutions of government and politics are a direct outgrowth of the centuries old struggle for democratic and political forms and a judiciary that would be above reproach. Even these, however, had had to be modified because of the peculiar conditions and circumstances of Canadian life.

Our cultural pattern in this country has been conditioned by many factors. One of the most obvious of these is the mingling of the Gaelic traditions of the French Canadians with the traditions of those of Anglo-Saxon stock. These two main streams have been added to by immigrant groups from other parts of Europe. This whole flux combining in one common stream, has been tremendously affected by the fact that we have been, at least up till very recently, a pioneer people. Few Canadians today are more than three generations removed from a pioneer farm or an immigrant ship. To endeavour to serve a population such as this by educational institutions typical of any other race or nationality is to court failure. Our cultural patterns are a blend of many strains modified to meet the new conditions of a new country. An educational programme or system to serve such a population in a vital manner must be indigenous. A Canadian school, therefore, should attempt to bring together as many of those strains as possible into a new form which shall not be merely a combination of the old but a definitely new pattern, reflecting the almost infinite variety of those component parts.

For this reason we have not utilized in this school many of the forms and methods which are prevalent in educational institutions of the Old Land. Unless a form can justify itself because it is natural and spontaneous to our own Canadian life, it has had no place in this school. I suppose it is largely for this reason that the custom of fagging, the prefectorial system and the academic cap and gown are noteworthy omissions. To us it seems that those and other similar customs are survivals of a tradition which is not our tradition. Undoubtedly they have meaning in their own places, but forms without meaning have no reality and are better omitted. In their place we have tried to develop other customs and forms which we believe to be closer to the genius of our own culture.

LAW AND FREEDOM IN EDUCATION

Education can be defined as "growth." The human child comes into the world as a bundle of instincts, reflexes and inherent capacities capable of development in an almost infinite variety of ways. Whether this process takes place within a formal institution such as a school, or whether it takes place as it does in a simpler society by the contact of the child with adults carrying on their daily activity, it is still education. There can, however, be no growth except in an atmosphere of freedom. It has been, therefore, a cardinal principle of our activity that the child in the school should have ample opportunity to develop to the utmost all of his finest potentialities. The school is obligated to provide in its environment and programme a stimulus for each and every individual. Such a doctrine of freedom, however, in education, does not imply that there is unlimited scope for any individual to do exactly what he wants. I would like to make this point clear, because by many the so-called "new education" is thought to mean that very thing. It is merely common sense, however, to point out that the freedom of any individual is limited inevitably by the fact that he has to live in a social relationship with other people. Equal freedom must be available to all the members of the group and in order to avoid infringing on the liberties of others it is essential that each should recognize from the beginning that one's freedom ends where the freedom of his neighbour begins. Furthermore a child must recognize somewhere in the educational process that there is an accumulated body of knowledge stored up by past generations. A child might conceivably develop his own intellect exploring his environment in a perfectly rational way, but there is no reason why each successive generation should repeat all the explorations of the past. If, however, any given individual is to profit by the learnings of those who have gone before him, he must be ready to subject himself to the discipline that is inherent in any given body of knowledge. The freedom, therefore, of any given individual to think or act exactly as he pleases is inevitably and invariably conditioned by the fact that he is a social being living and working with others and helping to build a superstructure of thought and knowledge the main lines of which have been outlined by those who have gone before him.

It is necessary, therefore, that the child, during the course of his formal education should recognize the inevitability of law in every form of activity in which he may engage. For centuries man dreamed of being free to fly like the birds in the air. It was not, however, until such time as he learned the laws governing such activity that the dream became a reality. It is the same in every other realm. Perfect freedom is only available when we are fully aware of the law operative in that particular realm.

DISCIPLINE

This whole theory of the relationship of law and freedom has a direct bearing on the matter of discipline. It is possible, of course, to establish an arbitrary code and to enforce external compliance for a longer or shorter period of time. Such a code rigidly enforced has been justified on the grounds that it did obtain results. I cannot believe, however, that a rigid discipline enforced

(Please turn to page 83)



J. A. Maitland—Father of Archery

BON VOYAGE . . .



EVERYONE AT PICKERING, from Law Wo to Bobby Mutch, is filled with regret at the departure of our dietitian, Mrs. Brennan. For four years Mrs. Brennan has not only concocted meals that are tonic and toothsome, but she has also taken a very important place in the activities of the school. Three years ago she first trod the Pickering stage as the tragic heroine of *Loyalties*, and in the same year she was a delightful Peep-Bo in *The Mikado*. Since her debut, Mrs. Brennan has appeared in *Pinafore* and *The Gondoliers*, much to the delight of the audiences. She has, in many other ways, made herself very popular with the students, particularly in connection with dances and banquets; and she drives a wicked cross-court back-hand.

Mrs. Brennan's departure is all the more regrettable in that she is not going to be very close at hand next year. She leaves in September to accompany her husband to Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Tom Brennan, who is very well-known at the school, has for some years been a member of the viola section of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. He has, however, recently received a very noteworthy promotion, having been offered the position of first viola player in the Cleveland Symphony which, under the direction of Arthur Rodzhinsky, is considered one of the finest orchestras on the continent. We certainly hope that Mr. and Mrs. Brennan will enjoy living in Cleveland, and we wish to congratulate them on this honour, but we cannot deny that Cleveland's gain is our loss.

*Bon Voyage . . .
Continued on the
next page*





ONE FEATURE of this year that contributed something of a record was that we started in September with a staff identical (except for tutors) with that of the two previous years. It is with regret therefore that we have to record the breaking up of the team by the departure of Mr. Harry Steels and Mr. Hugh Baker. Mr. Steels, who is leaving to take a teaching post in a collegiate, came to us in September of 1934, as head of the Moderns Department. In addition to his teaching work, he has taken a keen interest in skiing, attempting trails worthy

of an Amundsen or a Scott, and also led a group of fencing enthusiasts to form an Epee Club, though none of them succeeded in mortally damaging each other. Harry, however, cried "touche" to one of Cupid's darts, for he arrived back in 1935 with a bride. Both Harry and Violet have become very much a part of our community, and we are sorry to lose them. We all join in wishing them success and happiness in the future.

MR. BAKER also arrived in September 1934 to take over the librarian's post; he has survived the trials and tribulations of that office for three years which in itself is a tribute to his patience. Hugh also taught Latin and Current Events in the junior forms. He has coached Firth House hockey teams, played soccer and accompanied Mr. Steels on skiing forays, which is also a test of rugged endurance. He staggered us soon after Christmas this year with the announcement of his marriage, and it is a matter of regret that we only saw Mrs. Baker on occasional week-ends.

Mr. Baker is joining his family in Vancouver next year and will be on the staff of Kingsley School, Vancouver. We extend our best wishes for success to them both.



LITERARY

• • • •



• SHORT STORY •

A Foul Trick*by* **ALLAN LESLIE**

THE SKEETERS had been at their spring training camp for more than a week and were rapidly rounding into form. The players were struggling through some limbering-up exercises when Rookie Zeke Duffy arrived.

Manager Sam Williams was administering a biting tongue-lashing to "Brickyard" Hogan, who was performing in too lackadaisical a manner, when someone exclaimed, "Look!" Coming across the diamond was the most disreputable-looking youth. His clothes were dusty, his straw hat battered, and his pants were flying at half-mast. He was a tall gangling kid and he walked with enormous strides. He strode up to Williams and after gaping at him for several minutes asked, "Is yo' the boss of this hyar ball team?"

"Yeh, what d'y' want?"

"I'm supposed to play fo' yo'. Ma name's Zeke Duffy and ah hails from Centreville which is up in the mountings."

After Williams had recovered from the shock he began to see the light. He remembered that last fall one of the scouts had recommended to him a Kentucky hill-billy, claiming he could knock a baseball into the next state.

"O.K., go and get a uniform from Mike. That's Mike over by the dug-out."

"Yes sah."

Batting practice came next. Williams buckled on the chest-protector and shin guards. He wanted to catch so he could look over the batters and see how his hurlers were shaping up. Bill Richardson, veteran hurler went out on the mound. Bill was throwing a few warm-up pitches to the manager when the hill-billy appeared again. He looked even funnier in a baseball uniform. On his feet, instead of baseball spikes, were enormous hob-nailed boots.

"Why didn't you give him a pair of spikes?" asked Sam.

"I'll bet anybody ten bucks there isn't a pair of spikes in Florida that will fit that guy," replied Mike.

Sam turned to the rookie. "What side do you swing from kid?"

Zeke looked at him blankly.

"Swing? Why the only time I swing is when ah've had too much corn licker."

Sam almost keeled over at this remark. "I mean which way do you bat, right or left?"

"Oh! Right,—Ah thinks."

"You can't think, but come on and we'll see what you can do." Williams took his place behind the plate and Zeke ambled up to the batter's box. Sam signalled to the grinning pitcher for an out-curve. Richardson wound up and let go. Crack! and the ball soared over the left-field bleachers but was foul

by about ten feet. "My gosh! that was some clout," thought the manager. "Maybe I've made a find after all." Zeke proceeded to hit fifteen fouls in a row and the part that hurt was that they were all long clouts. After this exhibition of fouling Williams became disgusted and sent Zeke out to play first. Joe Moore was taking his turn at the plate and he evidently thought the man from the hills would look good fielding a hot one for he laid a nice one down the first base line. Zeke went after it, tripped over his own feet, and then fell on top of the ball. Zeke was immediately sent to right field. It wasn't long till a high fly came out to him, and he went galloping after it. He stretched out his arms to pick it off but the ball tore through his hands and hit him on the head.

Williams kept Zeke around all training season and he still hit nothing but fouls and his fielding failed to improve. Williams didn't know himself why he kept him; but he amused the players and they regarded him as a sort of mascot.

When the Skeeters started around the circuit on their first road trip. Zeke was still with the club. They were now in a three game series with the powerful Blue Sox and were badly in need of a win. It was the first of the sixth and the Skeeters led 4-3. However, the Sox were beginning to hit the southpaw slants of "Lefty" Brown and Sam was wishing the threatening clouds would do more than just threaten. The first two Skeet's batters were retired on strikes. A few drops of rain began to fall.

The Skeeters were stalling in hope that the rain would come; but the umpire hurried them up. Brown was up, but Sam thought he had better take him out for a pinch hitter. He was trying to decide who to use when an idea popped into his head. "Zeke," he ordered, "get up there and hit."

The pitcher let go his first pitch and Zeke slammed it into the bleachers but on the wrong side of the foul pole.

As Zeke was hitting his thirteenth foul the storm broke and in ten minutes the diamond was a small lake. No more baseball could be played that day and as five innings had been played the Skeeters were the winners.

"It was a foul trick," Williams admitted, "but worth it."

*On Saturday Eve
When there's nothing to do
We take a heave
At "flinging woo."*

• POETRY •

My Native River*by* **E. ONYSCHUK**

See the river, deep and blue,
Rushing swiftly to the bend,
There to come out, swirling through,
And enter to an early end.

Many people on its shores
Have fought for its possession;
Many have died in bloody wars,
In many a bitter session.

Now does the Dnieper River flow
With happy homes on either side,
In a land of peace and glory;
But, it shall be a different story.

For, many nations have become
Jealous for its wealthy stores,
And, soon shall be another war
On those rich and happy shores.

But the river keeps on flowing,
Heedless of the peace or sorrow;
In bitter war, or peace beloved,
Our only hope is for the morrow.



Second Prize Photograph by R. Sutcliffe

• SHORT STORY •

The Pay-Off**by T. STEPHENSON**

IKIE BERNSTEIN was worried, to say the least. For two weeks he had been on edge. He was jittery, his nerves were ragged, yet the one spark of manliness left in him kept him rooted where he was. Now the day had arrived. "Slick" Rocco was free again.

Mame Bernstein begged him to leave town. She became hysterical. Ike hit her once, hard, and never even bothered to look where she fell. He knew that flight was useless. He must beat "Slick" at his own game or Mrs. Bernstein would have to look for a new provider. Rocco had gone to the big house for five years on Ike's testimony. Ike no longer regretted having squealed, but now his only thought was to save himself. Ike took his revolver out of the drawer, and practised a few draws. His hands shook, and he cursed his inability to control them. The day dragged slowly on. Ike sat sullenly, not saying or doing anything. He seemed in a trance. Mame paid no attention to him. She had learned her lesson.

About ten o'clock, Ike aroused himself from his stupor. He pocketed his gun, and left the apartment. A car moved slowly away from the curb, near the corner. Ike knew the car contained Slick's men, going to tell him of Ike's approach. Ike set out for the saloon. His control had snapped, and he became aware of the darkness. He moved along warily, yet he was still blocks away. He began to mumble incoherently, and broke into a run. He turned down an alley, just one block from Slick's hangout. He slowed to a walk again. A dark shape appeared at the other end of the alley. Ike froze. He snatched out his gun with trembling fingers, fired, and ran to the prostrate form. He gloated.

"Well, Slick, I won. Ha, ha, ha!"

He turned the body over and broke into a wild laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's a hot one! It's only Gus Graziano, the old drunk."

Ike snapped completely. He laughed wildly and fired into the air. Answering an urgent call, a police cruiser turned into the alley. A gun was leveled at the raving Ike, and he fell slowly, still laughing at his grim little joke.

The police records called Ike's death justifiable homicide, yet the underworld knew he had been paid off in his own coin.

• SHORT STORY •

Hell-Shocked

by **RON MOORE**

THREE MINUTES TO GO! This isn't the first time the boys have heard that cry, but it might as well be. The effect is instantaneous. Most of them turn a chalky white. The hardened old veterans, shaking inwardly, take out cigarettes and with steady hands proceed to enjoy what may be their last smoke. The younger recruits take it the worst. Some of them start to weep softly. Others clench their hands, grit their teeth, and try to think about something else, but giving that up, they turn for a last-minute look at sacred letters or pictures.

Two minutes to go! A buzz of conversation arises out of the fetid trenches. A whisper, "Hey, Mac, If I don't come back give this to my mother in —, will you?"—Pause, while coarse, scarred, numbed hands fumble in the tunic pocket for that elusive scrap of paper on which a simple message is written.—"Thanks, old man."

From another part of the trench, "I wonder if I'll come back?"

"Shut up!"

One minute to go! A last minute inspection of guns and ammunition. A last handshake all around. Whispered words of encouragement. A coarse joke here and there. Muttered curses over some thing gone wrong.

Over the top! With a shout the men leap up to be cordially received by a barrage of shells, machine gun's fire, and barbed wire. Dozens fall but they can't stop now. The laddies are carried onward by the seething mass of humanity bubbling out of the graves, called trenches. A shell lands near. Pieces of legs, arms and a sea of blood spout into the air to be received by horrified and shrinking comrades. Onward, onward, their objective the enemy trenches a quarter of a mile away. What a distance! If measured in miles of bloodshed, horror madness and agony, it would stretch far out into space. Only two hundred yards now. Fully one third of that fine regiment is lost in the dust.

Soldiers fall beside wounded comrades who, maddened by the blinding, tropical sun and intense thirst, rip open their throats and gorge themselves on blood which then proceeds to flow out a hole in the back made by a flying piece of ragged shrapnel.

Finally the trenches are reached. The grim attackers look down on the horrified enemy whose officers led them to believe that their position was impenetrable. Hand grenades are thrown and bayonets fixed. Heads go soaring in the air like bloody animated Jack-in-the-boxes with a mixed expression of horror and incredulous surprise on what's left of the faces. Bayonets are thrust with unerring accuracy between the third and fourth ribs on the left side. Hand to hand fights ensue in which legs and arms are broken with fiendish glee by men crazed with the lust to kill and maim. At last the shots thin down and the fights peter out with the men engaged sinking down in utter exhaustion.

The battle is won—what—a lot of holes in the ground.

. HUMOUR .

The Hitch in Hitch-Hiking

by CHARLES T. KING

COLLEGE LIFE is kept interesting by the occasional occurrence of the week-end leave. The average inmate in anticipation of this extra-curricular activity preserves himself in the best of spirits during the monotonous academic lull which is generally regarded as an intermission, a period in which to catch up on lost sleep.

When confronted with a week-end "The Student,"—his mother thinks he is—is never at a loss to know what to do. If he is not aware of the general proceedings there are old hands about the place who are ever ready to set the example. A little filthy lucre—just in case—is "The Student's"—if his mother still thinks he is—chief requirement. For this meagre necessity "Our Bill" glances at his pocket-money account. Either out of embarrassment or a degree of consideration for his father's well earned money Willyam retires to the curb and signifies his distress to the passing motorist.

He stands on the curb because the law says he cannot stand on the road. He can of course but he may not. What a handsome figure Willyam cuts as he poses there, slicked to make a kill. He wears out a smile, if he still knows how, and holds out an arm at the end of which the primary digit gesticulates violently.

The exhaust from the tenth car leaves Willie exhausted but not for long. To be sure, those first ten cars mistook our hero for a road sign. With Parcian persistency he semaphores still another caravan.

Mr. Pickusup is alone and Willyam is apparently alone—Fido is doped and gagged in the valise which accompanies Will on such expeditions. Some road maps, banana peels and orange skins, and the Daily Bugle are tossed holus-bolus into the back seat as Willie solves the combination of the door handle.

Will's benefactor makes an opening bid which is lost in the muffler which is lost. Will shakes his head. Mr. Pickusup leans over. Will perks his ears in rabbit fashion. Mr. Pickusup spouts for the third time, "The exhaust makes a lot of noise doesn't it?" Will nods in assent.

In an attempt to create conversation Will asks Mr. Pickusup if he knows when the new speed law comes into effect. "On the 24th I believe," comes the uncertain reply. Mr. Pickusup is of the opinion that his rider has flung a hint. "I never go much over forty-five as the steering wheel is loose and above that speed I'm not too sure of her," says he. At that moment Will notes that that limit has been reached. Then a moving van obstructs the front view as Pickie accelerates to fifty, fifty-five, sixty,—sold—just in time to let a car pass that was in a hurry to go the other way. Willie believes in signs and reads the name on the side of the van unaware how close he came to being the subject of an autopsy.

The road goes off in three directions and since Mr. Pickusup is taking

the high-road and Willie the low, the two part company. Words of appreciation stain the ether as Willie overthinks him.

Willie's next lift is with a plumber. As the car ambles along at random Will's plumber friend thumbs his files to show Will how the price of lead piping has advanced during the past month. Recaptured, the auto—which sounds like a C.I.O. job—Carburetor In Opposition—turns off the low-way at Stop Nine.

A mechanic is the third person to aid "Our Hero." This gentleman has not met Ripley, "Believe It Or Not." He tells Will, pointing to the towers of C.F.R.B., "I worked on those towers. See the one nearest the road. Well I fell forty feet from that one and rolled twenty feet down the side of that muddy hill without even breaking any epidermus." Will knows enough not to wave a red flag at a Bull and he takes it all in with chagrin. The gentleman mechanic halts in a village explaining to Will that he ran off without his dinner. Will is extended an invitation to join him in a healthy repast but modest Willie insists that he must be on his way. He hitches his belt and then a ride.

This time it is a green sport roadster hauling a sailboat that pulls up beside "Our Will." Will rubs his eyes as the amphibian approaches, to make sure he isn't dreaming. When everything is shipshape the conversation trails to the tender. Schooner or later "Our Will" will become a marine authority and his crows-nest will be a port for sea-fleas. This is not sufficiently dangerous enough to demand that Will be stowed away at the doc's for quarantine. The great divide booms ahead and once again Willyam must weigh anchor.

Mrs. Pickusups are rare but Willie looks perfectly harmless. Nevertheless his benefactress regards him with scrutinizing eyes as he seats himself

(Please turn to page 90)

Rhinoceros on Toast

Here's to the rhinoceros
Whose size is prepos'rous
Although a monstrosity
He shows generosity
Selling his skin at a loss for us.

The elephant swings from tree to tree
Carrying his heavy trunk,
He's wearing my clean pink lingerie.
Tusk, tusk, I must be drunk.



Reflections

Out of the mists of the new-born day,
Comes the fragrant scent of the fresh mown hay,
As I wander o'er the fertile lands
So well laid out by determined hands.

I think on the years that have now passed by,
Of the years of toil wherein memories lie,
And I say to myself was it worth the while
To work so hard just to make my pile.

I think on the years that are yet in store
And as I look ahead my spirits soar,
What more can I ask than a well stock'd home,
And a chance to make good on the friendly loam.

Ron Moore

• SHORT STORY •

Drug Store Cowboy

by DAVE PHIPPS

SELKIRK CANNIDGE was at peace with the world as he drove his bumpy, jerky old Model T Ford along the dusty road between the small Kansas town of Garden City and the still smaller village of Great Bend. The number of holes in the pavement made driving plenty uncomfortable for anybody, but in Selkirk's "car," this discomfort became magnified tenfold.

Bumping and jogging down the highway, he amused himself by taking imaginary pot shots at equally imaginary bandits with a rusty old .45 which hadn't seen a real slug for ten years. It was Selkirk's prize possession, however, and he would not have parted with it for all the world. After laying low one of these unseen brigands, he would lean over and caress the hood of his squeaking chariot fondly and whisper, "We got 'em that time, pard." And so he rattled along.

Arriving at the shack which he and his old father Matt called home, Selkirk climbed down from his trusty steed and entered the unlit cabin. Matt wouldn't be home yet, and when he did come, he'd probably be drunker than a lord. So Selkirk fixed himself up a scanty meal from such food as there was, then sat down to clean his pet .45. He fondled Davie,—he'd called the gun after Dave Custer, the famous old Indian fighter—turning it over slowly. "I've got to keep you in shape. Never know when I'm going to need you pard."

His thoughts drifted to Betty. Betty Hill was the only one who really believed in him and understood him, he decided. The crowd in town made fun of him, said he was a little touched in the head, called him a "drug store cowboy." But Betty was different. She was kind and thoughtful, and even went to every wild west show that came to town with him. She went out with the other boys too, but Selkirk could hardly begrudge her that pleasure. Someday he'd show those other guys the stuff he was made of, and make Betty very proud of him.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by Matt crashing in through the low door, a half-drained bottle in his hand.

"Have one, shon." he bellowed raucously.

"Oh, go to blazes!" Selkirk answered testily, thinking of chocolate milkshakes, his only weakness.

"And why not?" the bearded old ruffian insisted.

"Well, Custer never drank, and how can you keep a steady hand and eye with your insides filled with corn."

"Aw, you better go to bed; you're no fun at all."

Selkirk did, but not because he was afraid of the old man. He wanted to rest up for anything that might happen the next day. He didn't know what it might be, but he had visions of sweeping down on a flock of war-like Indians, gathering up Betty, galloping off with Davie answering the flight of arrows with a fusillade of lead; a hero rescuing a maiden in distress. It didn't seem probable Selkirk admitted, but you can't prevent a man from being prepared.

Bright and early next morning Selkirk was up and away to his job as soda-jerker in Paw Parson's corner drugstore. As his car shivered to a stop in front of the store, Betty came tripping gaily out of the front door to meet him.

"Good morning Betty," he gulped, his heart doing all sorts of acrobatics.

"Good morning, Selkirk," she answered cheerily. "Paw wants you to take this money down to the bank."

"You can bank on me," Selkirk grinned, but wished sheepishly after that he hadn't said it.

He had just deposited the collection of small change for Paw, and was about to leave when up to the kerb slewed a big, black touring car. Out sprang three figures, one remaining in the car. Striding into the bank they yelled:

"It's a stick-up folks. Everybody just keep calm and none of you'll get hurt. Otherwise—."

Selkirk thought swiftly. What would Dave Custer do in his place? He hesitated no longer, but whipped out "Davie" and pointing it as menacingly as he could at the bandits, demanded,

"All right, you yeggs, Drop those guns."

Recovering from their momentary surprise, they wheeled about and riddled the kid where he stood. Then, conscious of what they had done, they clambered for the door and their waiting vehicle. Attracted by the shooting, the police were on the spot quickly and wasted no time in tracking down the thugs. Before they had gone a couple of blocks the touring car lay a bullet-riddled wreck in the ditch.

Pressing through the crowd swarmed about the wounded Selkirk, Betty Hill knelt down and lifted his head tenderly into her lap. Selkirk looked up and gasped, "Davie let me down. I guess I should have stuck to soda-jerking."



SNOWDRIFT

By Charles King

I watched
the furry crystal-flakes
descend
on a breath
of frozen air
and blend
in jewelled cakes
on the landscape bare.

I watched
the breezes blow
the cloud-born blossoms
back, across
the wind-swept snow
to drift
in sloping piles
beside the track.

And as I watched
the noon-day sun
extend with spite
its long tenacious rays
and saw
the scenery run
between a maze
of brown and white,

There in the solitude
by human foot untrod
I watched
And there saw God.



. SHORT STORY .

Shave and a Haircut

by DON KYLE

A BROAD STETSON poked itself from behind a large billboard. The joint owner and wearer, after looking seemingly in all directions, and apparently satisfied he was unobserved, stepped forth. Forsaking caution, he summed up all his courage, drew himself up to all of the five and a half feet of height he possessed, and daringly sauntered down the street. He was fortunate, for to-day, being Saturday, the town was full of strangers and settlers from outlying parts. His chances of being spotted were slim. But still, he wasn't going to take any needless risks.

Jim Whyat wandered thus in an apparently aimless fashion down the narrow canyon between the two and three story false-fronted stores that Coyote County's "most energetic and hustling little town," Mescal by name, called Main Street. There were the usual small town emporiums, the pool-room, the general store, the bank, and—there it was—the barber shop with its friendly red and white twisted-stripe pole. Jim wondered if he should chance it. The hirsute adornments he now boasted did add to his disguise, but the sun was so warm, and his face and head felt so hot and uncomfortable. What a mop! Why even his hat wouldn't fit any more.

"Yes, by jove, they'd never suspect—." His words trailed away as the painful memory of so long ago came forcibly back to haunt him. "No, they'd never suspect —."

Gallantly Jim strode into the local tonsorial parlor convinced that here, anyway, he was safe. It had been a long time, and none of them would know. He squatted himself peremptorily on an empty powder-keg provided by the management for waiting clients, sat back, and tried to collect his thoughts. It was a good thing the keg was empty Jim thought. Perhaps he was sitting on more dynamite right then than he knew. Jim busied his mind with looking at the pictures of current stage and vaudeville beauties tacked at varying intervals and in various poses and garb about the otherwise bare pine-board wall, and exchanging glances with the usual run of barber shop hangers-on.

Jim almost jumped a foot when the old boy with the drooping mustachios next to him asked if he had a "chaw" of tobacco. But Jim was prepared by the time the barber was ready for him. After all, plenty of men had been out for as long as six or seven months and come back with beards as thick and long as his was. "Been prospecting," Jim proffered as an explanation to the old gent's unasked question. "Had a hard time of it though." The rest seemed satisfied to let it go at that, and so they did.

It was while Jim was having his hair cut that the door creaked open and an additional customer dropped in. But he was no stranger, for he was greeted from all sides with friendly salutations, and Jim gathered, from the way he made himself at home with proprietor's tobacco, that he had been here before, many a time and oft. The newcomer wasted no time in breaking into a conversation to which Jim was forced to lend listening ears.

"Wal, I jest been a-figurin' as how this here little town is purty nigh

onto the most law-abidin', peaceful spot this side of the Sierras." This philosophical finding evidently met with approval of his barber-shop buddies, for they all expressed their agreement volubly with everything from knowing nods to sage snorts that resembled markedly the Transcontinental crossing the Divide.

"And it's all due to you too, Sheriff," broke in an ornery-looking cuss who sat in the corner improving his aim on the cuspidor in the front window.

A henpecked-looking little fellow was about to add his support, but only got as far as "My wife says—," when he was laughed down by his unsympathetic companions.

"Yes, sir," went on the Sheriff, "this place is durn near cleaned out o' bad-men, with about one excepshun!" Here he took time out to take a ferocious bite of tobacco, spit and express, in tones that rivalled Old Faithful at its best, his satisfaction. Then he added knowingly, "I wouldn't want to run agin him. The toughest killer in these here parts, that's Whyat!"

On his perch in the barber-chair Jim squirmed uncomfortably. Oh why did the barber have to take so long?

"You're not tellin' us you're afeard o' him, are you Sheriff?" questioned one of the boys.

"No—I wouldn't say that exactly, but I don't relish meetin' up with him. He's the meanest hombre round abouts. Shoot you on sight without the slightest reason. They say he's plenty tough, and I ain't the one to glorify no criminals nor nothin', but I've got to say he's got lots of nerve and courage to stick it out all this time, with a price like that on his head, dead or alive."

Jim grimaced to himself. If they only knew the truth!

"Dead or alive," the Sheriff reminisced, "I think I'd shoot him down on sight, afore he had a chance to draw a bead on me."

The revolvers of that stalwart protector of the law whipped out of their holsters and waved menacingly in the air near Jim, seated flinching in the chair.

"Ever seen 'm, Sheriff?" one of his cronies queried.

"No, but I'd know him as soon as he was within shootin' range. I'd recognize that face just like it is there on that 'reward' poster on the pole across the street. You can't fool me."

"But what if he has whiskers?" another ventured.

"I'm not so sure, but without 'em,—I couldn't go wrong!"

At this juncture in this highly moving profession of ability of that officer of law and order, the young stranger leaped up from the chair, bounded across the narrow shop, and dashed headlong through the doorway, causing the chief performer of the little drama being enacted to suddenly let the play drop, much to the consternation of his audience.

"Wal, what in tarnation!" ejaculated the startled and somewhat nettled sheriff.

"I just asked him if he wanted a shave as well as a hair-cut."

• ARTICLE •

The XI Olympiad

by EDWARD G. MACK



AMID THE CONFUSION that is always characteristic of an ocean sailing and climaxed only by the intense heat of July 11, 1936, some thirty boys ranging in age from fifteen to twenty boarded the Empress of Britain at Quebec. Pickering College had four representatives in that party including Mr. A. B. Hodgetts who had been placed in charge of the group by the Overseas Education League. The party's final destination was Germany and the eleventh Olympic Games.

As the boat sailed down the St. Lawrence in the late afternoon of the eleventh, it was quite a sight to see various members of the crew in their white, summer uniforms. By the next morning we were well out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Before we had reached the open water it had become quite cold, so cold that the officers on the bridge appeared in heavy winter overcoats. Just after the ship had passed over the Grand Banks we ran into a dense fog which only lifted occasionally for the next four days. To say the least, not a single member of the party was sorry to see Cherbourg, let alone Southampton.

Southampton with its tremendous ship yards, dry docks and cranes provided the first glimpse of England for the majority of the party. This ancient town also introduced a great many of us to the use of English coinage as well as to an innumerable number of customs and expressions. On the fol-

lowing day we left Southampton and established our headquarters in Eastbourne where we remained for some two weeks. From here several visits were made to such places as Dover, Pevensey, Winchester and Portsmouth.

Toward the end of July we once more arrived in Southampton and boarded the North German Lloyd liner, the Europa. Two days later we were in Bremer Haven, a rather desolate place except for the docks, and only two hours by train from Bremen. On that same evening we found ourselves in Berlin where a large military bus was waiting to take us to the International Youth Camp located on the outskirts of the city near the Olympic Stadium. Everyone in the party was so tired that night that we didn't take much notice of our surroundings. The next morning however we were rudely awakened by armed sentries and had a chance to look at our surroundings. The whole party was in one tent which was supplied with straw-filled bunks, steel lockers and two writing tables. As we soon discovered the food was the worst part of the whole expedition, rolls (with the occasional cockroach) and sickish sweet coffee was the general breakfast. The noon meal usually consisted of thick, greasy soup and black bread; supper was made up of the customary black bread with cheese. The entire camp was under military supervision, sentries were posted at all the entrances, no one could leave the camp alone without an official pass. Unlike all the rest of the nations' representatives, of which there were twenty-two groups, we refused to march on every little occasion such as going to and from the dining tent with the result that in a very few days nearly everyone in the camp adopted the habit of aimlessly wandering to meals.

The government supplied all the official groups from the various countries with free admittance to the games and free transportation in Berlin and Potsdam. Naturally these privileges were used to their full extent and the members of our party spent most of their time at either the swimming stadium, the Olympic stadium or the polo field. Various visits of an unofficial nature were made to Potsdam and several outlying districts of Berlin where we had an opportunity to see the Germans as they really were.

As members of the International Youth Camp, we were expected to appear at all the important public occasions. At such occasions as these we had to wear our official uniforms which consisted of cream flannels and Canadian Olympic blazers. One of the most colourful sights during the games was the International Youth Camp on parade. The Italians in uniforms of the Italian Territorial army, the Portuguese with their full militia dress uniforms and the Greeks looking for all the world like ballet dancers. As for ourselves we soon replaced the cream flannels with grey flannels or just let the former change themselves. Perhaps the most interesting occasion, with the exception of the opening of the Olympic games, was a parade to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in which we were on our feet from seven in the morning until nearly three in the afternoon. During the ceremonies at the tomb, the English and the Canadians sat on the pavement while the rest of

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Willie ate a ton of corn
Father looked at him with scorn
And chased the little fellow till
Willie was a running still.

It Couldn't Happen To-Day

I thought I heard a gun to-day
As I crossed the market square.
It must have been just some noise
Of the busy thoroughfare.

I thought I heard 'planes to-day,
Droning deadly and high above,
But it must have been something else
That I was thinking of.

I thought I heard marching men to-day,
The stamp, stamp, stamp of their feet.
But it must have been the passers-by
In the hurrying, crowded street.

I thought I saw poison gas to-day,
Like a thick dark pall it lay
Over everything; but it must have been
A mist blown up from the bay.

I thought I heard bugles play,
And the stirring drums and the fife
Calling the youth of to-day
To give to their country their life.

I thought I heard politicians and statesmen say,
Pompous and filled with pride,
"Come fight for the sake of the country
For which your fathers died."

I thought I saw sweethearts cry,
Sisters, mothers, give way to despair
For the brothers, and sons, and lovers,
Future wearers of the Cross Militaire.

Down the avenue with flags awaving,
Cheered and greeted by a joyous throng,
I thought I saw an army marching,
Triumphantly marching along.

I thought there was war to-day,
Mass-murder and slaughter of men:
But I knew that could never happen
In this peace-loving world again.

I thought the world's nations
Took up arms in a bloody fray,
Surely 'tis but imagination:
It couldn't happen to-day.

With religious and solemn piety,
I heard the padres pray
That "by the Grace of God"
War couldn't break out to-day.

The monarchs and presidents also,
Observing Remembrance Day,
On this memorable occasion
Said war couldn't break out to-day.

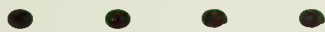
I listened eagerly, intently,
To what all of them had to say,
But still I'm none too certain
War couldn't break out to-day!

Don Kyle



This Group Went to the Royal Winter Fair.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES



CHAPEL AND SPECIAL SPEAKERS

Mr. McCulley's opening address was entitled, "Life Abundant," the "Haydon mural" being used as his text.

Mr. R. E. G. Davis, a member of the staff of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., gave a very interesting talk, illustrated by moving pictures, which he took himself in Germany and Russia.

Dr. Ernest Thomas of the staff of the United Church of Canada gave a very interesting address on the social and economic problems of the day about which he is so interested.

Mr. Don Graham, a member of the staff of Runnymede Collegiate of Toronto gave us a very interesting talk on sportsmanship. Mr. Graham, the coach of the Varsity Juniors, is well-known in sports fields.

Mr. C. A. G. Mathews gave a very interesting illustrated talk about Bonaventure Island and its gannets and a recent trip to Florida.

Miss Kay Gorrie, a Toronto social worker who has travelled in Russia and other European countries, addressed the school, and moving pictures of Russia of her travels added greatly to the interest.

Mr. Norman Levy, a young Toronto lawyer and the chairman of the Continuations Committee of the Canadian Youth Congress, spoke on the "Youth movement" and youth's place in the present social conditions.

Mr. Woo Da Ling from Shanghai, China, who is at present doing post-graduate work at the University of Toronto, told the school about his own country.

Mr. Denton Massey, M.P., presented a very informative and interesting view of Sweden.

Professor E. J. Pratt of the English department of the University of Toronto gave a very interesting talk on seal hunting off the Newfoundland coast, and read his poem "The Ice Floes."

Rev. Gerald Cragg, editor of the United Church of Canada's "New Outlook," spoke in the spring to the school.

Miss Margaret Gould, a Toronto social worker, who has visited Russia and Northern Europe and has written a series of articles for the Toronto Star on her travels, addressed a discussion group.

The Headmaster, Mr. Statten, and other members of the staff spoke to the school at different times.

Professor N. A. Mackenzie of the Department of International Law of the University of Toronto informally discussed the foreign situation, chiefly the Spanish crisis and its possible implication of Canada.

Professor Frank Underhill of the University of Toronto gave us an informal address concerning the place of Canada in the Empire and in world affairs with regards to the present foreign situation.

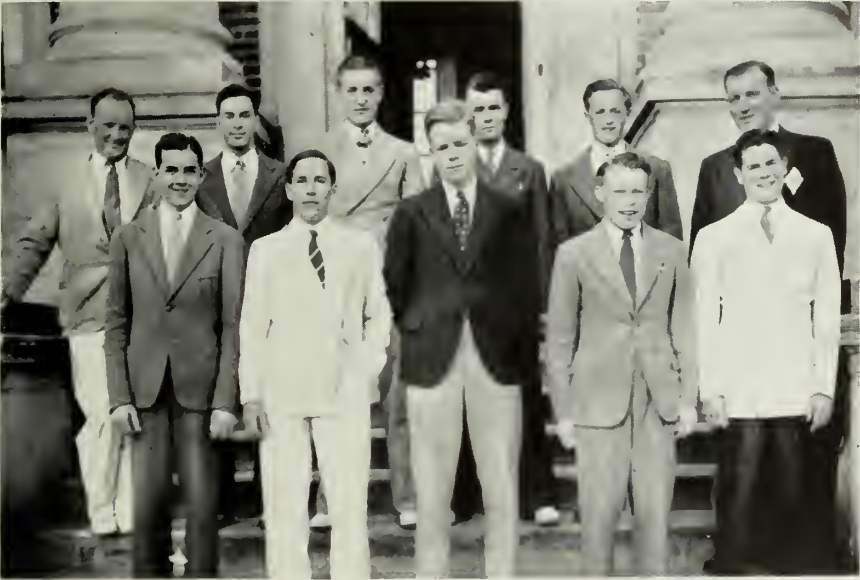
Professor George Brown also discussed Canada's foreign policy from the point of view of Canada's association with the Empire.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE this year consisted chiefly of fellows who have been here for several years. They "knew the ropes," and carried out their duties excellently, with the aid of Mr. Widdrington who represented the staff at all meetings. The rest of the students helped by their co-operation.

The members of the committee during the year were: Thor Stephenson, Ray McTavish, Bill McDowell, Joe Stauffer, Bob Herdegen, Ken MacLaren, Glen McKee, Charles King, Bob Sutcliffe and George Fleming.

Thor Stephenson was elected chairman for all three terms. Ken MacLaren was secretary during the first term, and George Fleming took over the duties for the winter term while Bob Herdegen held them down during the spring. A fine committee.



LOSTER LIMB

LONG, LONG AGO, in the far and dim ancient past, hardy pioneers brought forth upon the wintry wind-swept hills hard by, an idea and an institution. Losterlimb Lookout grew into infancy, thrived, and ripened into a hardy youth. What unimaginable fun to wander aimlessly o'er hill and dale, dashing in and out of snow-drifts, playing hide and seek with the trees. Enthusiastic hordes take the camp by storm, spending the day rollicking and cavorting about the sunny snow-clad slopes. Expert and beginner (and there are plenty of both), struggle up and down hills (all that goes up must come down) each having the time of his life. The cabin, a masterpiece of twentieth century architecture stands ever ready to greet the weary toboggan-pushers. Truly it is a great heritage and those who have passed by without having partaken of its hospitality have not seen life at Pickering College.

SOUP AND SAXAPHONES

Autumn Dance

THE INFORMAL DANCE officially opened the college's social season to the strains of romantic melodies. For several weeks students had been watching notice boards and eagerly reading posters put up by the dance committee. At last the much looked-forward-to night had arrived in all its splendour. Couples tripped the light fantastic and others really tripped. Everyone had a rollicking good time despite the presence of black cats, long ladders, broken mirrors, omens of Friday the thirteenth.

It has been rumoured by those who know, that this year's informal dance was one of the most successful dances ever held at the college. The dance committee under the guidance of Ray McTavish, and ably supported by Mr. Renzius, Mr. Sager, Leitch, Tisdall, Dyer, Stauffer and Rising deserve a hearty vote of thanks.



Formal Dance

HELD AT THE HEIGHT of the social season, the College's annual formal dance of February fifth was a whale of a success, due, we might add, in a large measure to the tireless efforts of Chairman Leitch and his helpers, Messrs. Tisdall, McDowell, Milliken, Henderson, and Johnston and to the artistic skill of Mr. Renzius.

An aggregation of well over fifty couples of staff, students, and several prominent Old Boys danced far into the night to the pleasant refrains of Max Boag and his orchestra, and, judging by the laughter and hilarity, enjoyed themselves immensely.

And then it was suddenly time to go; each one thought of how short the time seemed, and looked forward with regret to putting the "top hat, white tie, and tails" back into mothballs, for the school formal was over for another year.

The Hallowe'en Dinner

HALLOWE'EN is one time during the school year that people literally "let themselves go" and of course they do the "silliest" things. Naturally a banquet is always held in honour of the proverbial witches, jeeps and bogey men.

Last fall the occasion was met with the usual hilarious enthusiasm at which dignity was officially ostracized. The great Hickfield, alias Mr. Holmes, arrived on the scene with a group of belated stage-door tramps and a large stogie. Mr. Hodgetts made his appearance in a sheet, flitting about the dining room after the fashion of Caesar's ghost. The senior stiff-shirt squad from Firth House entered en masse as the winners of a local stork derby. They were accompanied by a score of wailing banshees and howling offspring. The headmaster then gave his version of a 1911 bathing-suit burlesque despite the fact that it was the coldest night in the year.

The dinner came to a rapid conclusion with the revelers singing so long, loud and furiously that they were unable to cheer at the next football game.

The Christmas Dinner

ON THE EVE before the first term was completed, the traditional Yuletide festivities and banquet were held at the college. This celebration has become amongst the school activities something that adds a little different atmosphere to the daily routine.

This year Santa Claus, Mr. Perry with a long beard, arrived on a tea wagon amid the riotous shouts and jeers of the bad boys from the kitchen. The usual presentation of presents by both sincere well wishers and practical jokers followed. The habitual offenders received such highly coveted awards as the shovel, the pick and the horse-collar.

The Sports Day Tea Dance

AFTER THE GAMES had come to a conclusion with a sweeping victory for the Reds under Captain Sutcliffe, a few bedraggled hurdlers and milers made their way to the gym where they tripped the light fantastic to the sweet strains of Art West's orchestra. During the last two or three years the tea dance has become almost as traditional as the games.

Reunion Banquet

"WHERE WERE YOU at approximately six thirty-two and a quarter on the evening of May twenty-eighth?"

The answer probably is: "At the Reunion Banquet in the Alexandra room of the King Edward Hotel, Toronto."

Along with over four hundred parents, sweethearts, wives, old boys and distinguished guests, present students assembled to celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of the "New" Pickering College. A souvenir programme was prepared by Messrs. Perry and Widdrington.

Immediately after the dinner an entertainment programme swung into action with Mr. S. R. Rogers, chairman of the board, as master of ceremonies. Mr. R. E. K. Rourke played his version of a concerto on a Belgian horn. He was more than ably assisted by Mr. Malcolm. The more sedate musical programme that followed was supplied by Mr. Malcom and Mr. Godden, an outstanding piano team, and songs from Miss Betty Holmes and Mr. G. N. T. Widdrington.

The speaker of the evening was Dr. Ryan from the Carnegie Institute in New York. His talk centred around the problems of modern education. Other speakers of the evening were Dr. Dorland and Mr. Robertson, members of the board of directors. Mr. Harry Beer and Thor Stephenson spoke on behalf of the old boys and the present student body. Mr. McCulley made the concluding address to bring the evening to a successful close.



Parents' Day

ON DECEMBER THE TWELFTH a fair crowd of friends, wellwishers and fond parents visited the college. The day was, as usual, quite a success. Exhibitions of numerous types and sizes filled every available room depicting the routine work of the entire staff and student body. Preparations for this day had been started several weeks in advance in order to make the afternoon and evening that climaxed it a most enjoyable memory for the school's many friends.

One of the most outstanding events on Parent's Day was the stage production of "Journey's End." This became famous for its "smell" effects, which were mentioned in one of the Toronto newspapers.

Firth House

WITH THE CLOSING of another year the students of Firth House look back on the year's activities with considerable self pride and satisfaction. The fond memory of many boyish pranks, such as only occur in the junior section of Firth House, will last a great many years.

At Limberlost many of the fellows tried on skis for the first time with the traditional success. This year the junior students were outstanding in practically all the sports in which they participated. Some of them were so successful that they boasted of being better than a great many of the so-called seniors. However all the activities of Firth House were not in the athletic field but also in the academic field in which many of their number did exceedingly well.

For the most part the younger students feel that a great deal of their success through the current year has been due to the undying interest of Mr. Blackstock, Mr. Baker, Mr. Pollard and Mr. Sager. And to Mr. Boyd goes a vote of thanks.



Denizens of Firth House

A Note of Appreciation

These few words of appreciation are directed to the forgotten men,—the domestic staff of the school. Day in and day out they perform their tasks, in the corridors, the kitchen, around the grounds. Though your reward be little, we want you to know that your work is appreciated. Here's to you!

MUSIC MUSINGS

TO THOSE STUDENTS of Pickering College who appreciate really fine music other than Benny Goodman's, this year's Sunday musicals have afforded them the greatest array of artists and programmes that the school has ever had.

The artists that appeared at Pickering were mainly from Toronto and were nearly all connected with one of the musical associations in that city.

During the Autumn term we had the pleasure of hearing Phyllis Saunders Hawkins, contralto, who for the last four years has aided the Glee Club with the Gilbert & Sullivan operas and this year took the role of the Duchess in "The Gondoliers."

In October we had the piano team of Clifford Poole and Gordon Hallett. One of the programmes of November featured four artists from the Toronto Symphony and Promenade Orchestra in the persons of Tom Brennand, viola; Marcus Adeney, viola; Hymen Goodman, 2nd viola, and Isidore Scherman, 1st violin.

One Sunday in November we had Eric Mundinger, accordionist, from Toronto who played the favorite, "Dark Eyes."

In January a brilliant young Korean soprano, Pyughyong Rhu, sang for us the Aria, "One Fine Day," from Madame Butterfly, by Puccini and a group of Korean Folk Songs.

The Sunday noon of January thirty-first, Miss Betty Holmes, contralto, sister of our own Jack Holmes, sang for us. Betty also took the part of Tessa in the current production of the Gondoliers.

In February we had as a guest Miss Muriel Bennett, also a member of the Promenade Symphony Orchestra, who played an interesting programme.

A few weeks later two old friends of the school, Adolph and Mrs. Koldofsky, visited us. Adolph lived with us at Pickering for a few years before he became a regular member of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, so we were glad to welcome him back.

In April we heard Mrs. Mary Shore, pianist, who played the third movements of a Sonata by Beethoven.

Stanley Solomon was our artist of April the eighteenth, playing brilliantly both the violin and viola. He played the "Flight of the Bumble Bee," by Rimsky-Korsakoff. (Not to be confused with the attempts of Mr. Benny).

In May, Pickering was very fortunate in hearing the beautiful voice of Alice Strong Rourke. She has thrilled Toronto audiences in the role of Nedda in Pagliacci, and in Pickering's productions of Gilbert and Sullivan. Mrs. Rourke's programme was made up entirely of Arias from Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

All in all, a delightful musical season.



S'lossed
in a fog



Meditation



Man O Man



Curiosity



God Yot!

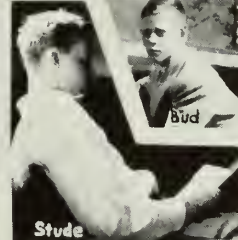
"I Knew a Man"



Dooley



STAR



Bud

Stude



50583



Poo-Bah



Ambler

Gondolier



Swing It!

1936-1937



Abie's Irish Rose



Smile!



Bored of Strategy



Brain Trust



Business



ALMA MATER



1/2 Twins



Mighty Oaks From Little Acorns



Ajax

CLUBS

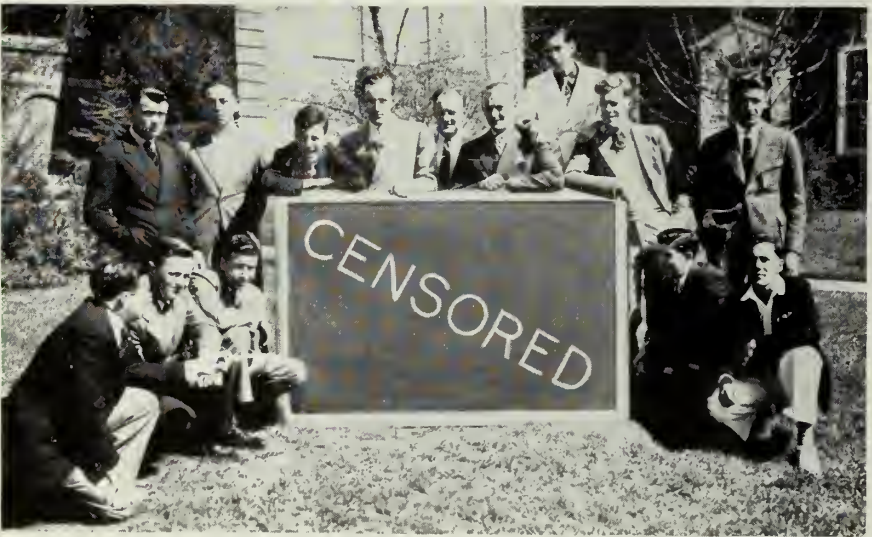
The Rooters

THIS YEAR'S CLUB was composed mainly of new fellows, but enthusiasm was high and the club enjoyed a very successful year.

Under the unexcelled leadership of Mr. R. E. K. Rourke, the club enjoyed interesting talks on astronomy, genetics and other scientific subjects. Mr. Widdrington gave us a book review, he probably hadn't read the book, and Mr. Holmes favoured us with a discussion on the movies, their possibilities and place in modern life. We also heard talks from Messrs. McCulley, Perry and Hiltz.

The club took a trip to the Dunlap Observatory, and there we saw a truly great achievement of modern science and mechanics. The Christmas banquet was as usual held in the Ellen Bradley Grill, while in the winter we visited the museum and had a most enjoyable joint dinner with those future parliamentarians, the Polikon Club.

An inter-club hockey game was played against the Kosmos, in which the Rooters were very unfortunate in being held to a tie. A vote of thanks from the club goes to Bob Herdegen, our valiant "suckertary," who has been trying to resign his exalted position for at least six months.



The Rooters Get a Chalk-Talk

Kosmo Club

BANDED TOGETHER in a common cause—Geography—Kosmo Clubbers revelled in a delightful year packed with interesting events. Among the speakers who enthralled the Club during the year were Mr. Chas. Holmes of Newmarket, Pickering's own Messrs. Rourke, Widdrington, Blackstock, Hilts, and Holmes, Hodgetts, and Perry from within the charmed circle of the Club itself. One of the highlights of the year were the travel pictures, some in gorgeous colour, presented by Mr. Farewell. The spring term saw a most successful banquet at which the speaker, Mr. Robinson MacLean, told of his stay in Ethiopia as newspaper correspondent, and the winter term a near defeat of the rival Rooters on the ice. But the less said about that the better—for the Rooters.



The Photoplay Club

TO PURSUE THE INVESTIGATION into the arts and techniques of the motion picture, to learn to discern, judge, and criticize intelligently the moving picture, to know and understand more thoroughly through the study of the industry's history the limitations and possibilities of the talking picture—such have been the aims and work of the Photoplay Club this year.

This energetic and enterprising organization has, through the medium of a notice board, kept the school posted and informed on the current cinema attractions and has tried to foster an intelligent interest in the art of the motion picture.

The Polikon Club



THE MAIN FUNCTION and idea of the Polikon club is to give its members practice in public speaking and at the same time study and gain some insight into current events.

The club has been running in the school for some number of years and has been carried on under much the same jurisdiction as that of a debating society. It has varied slightly and at the present time is operating on a modified parliamentary basis. This procedure seems to be working out successfully and gives each member a chance to speak at every meeting.

During the year we have had some very interesting and profitable addresses by men of real ability. Mr. Rourke gave us an informal talk on Gilbert and Sullivan covering their entire career in a most amusing manner.

It was the pleasure and privilege of the club to visit the Junior Board of Trade again this year in Toronto. The debate was in the form of a battle of wits, the members of our club who took part, not only enjoyed it but found out something about speaking without any previous preparation.

This year the club decided to take in a few junior members for the purpose of organizing and carrying on the club's activities for the coming year. This plan has been very successful and we sincerely hope that the junior members are enjoying its meetings. We feel confident that the Polikon club will get away to an early and successful year starting next September.

THE QUAKER CRACKER



LONG, LONG AGO,—six years to be exact—Editor Perry brought forth his brain-child, the Quaker Cracker. In the intervening years it has been his happy lot to watch it pass through all the stages of infancy and ripen into manhood. (Just what constitutes maturity in a paper we don't know, but we strongly suspect we have at last sufficient reason to slap ourselves heartily on the back and say, "Today we are a man.") And today, "Pop" should be justly proud.

This year, in the good old Cracker tradition, under an editorial board of energetic journalists comprised of Progenitor Perry, Sportster Buchanan, Hairbreadth Herdeggen, Literary King, Kyle (Editor's man Friday) and "Man About Town" Mack, this up and coming publication has soared to new heights. New features and special issues, bigger and better papers, many and varied pictures, have marked this newest volume. Edited in rotation by the staff, every edition from the first, through the "war issue" the Christmas, the Limberlost, and down to the last has been filled with surprises, changes, and a certain number of experiments. This year has been the greatest in the Cracker's history, so Mr. Perry's baby feels justified in taking a bow.

THE BLUE CURTAIN

"Journey's End"

THE PICKERING COLLEGE dramatic season was officially opened by a presentation of R. C. Sheriff's memorable, wartime play, "Journey's End," under the direction of Mr. Widdrington and Mr. Holmes. The story was based on the activities of a British regiment in the trenches before St. Quentin during the early spring of nineteen eighteen. The actual play is one that expresses the emotional reaction which the strain of the War had upon men of entirely different personalities.

The production was admirably accepted by everyone in attendance on both the evening of Parents' Day and the preceding evening. The cast put on a very fine performance on both occasions considering the seriousness of the play. Jim Eakins portrayed the hardened commander of the regiment as Captain Stanhope, while D. G. Kyle, C. T. King, H. Buchanan and P. Marsh co-starred as the officers of the company. The other parts were taken equally well by J. Robinson as the Colonel, W. Willson as the Sergeant-Major, Ed. Creed as Mason, Reid Whipple as Hardy, Pete Sloss and Courtlandt Baker as soldiers.

No entry was made in the York County Drama Festival for the obvious reason there wasn't any.



Dug-Out; a Scene from "Journey's End"

“THE GONDOLIERS”



IN A PRODUCTION rated the best ever staged in the "Little Theatre on the Hill," which we might add qualifies it among the finest amateur stagings of the renowned Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, the Pickering College Glee Club aided by several talented artists and a Newmarket Ladies' Chorus was presented to a crowd of three hundred and seventy-five light-opera lovers on each of the nights of April 29th to May 1st, and several hundred others were unfortunately unable to procure tickets. Many and lengthy were the favourable comments by well-known Toronto newspaper critics of Messrs. Bob Rourke and Frank Murch's masterpiece in the field of light opera, namely "The Gondoliers."

Marco and Giusppe, twin Venetian gondoliers played by Mr. G. N. T. Widdrington and Court Baker, are married to Gianetta and Tessa, played by Mrs. Alice Strong Rourke and Miss Betty Holmes.

At this part of the operetta they are informed by the Grand Inquisitor, played by Reg. Lewis, that they are married by proxy to Casilda, a part admirably well taken by Miss Jean Robinson, the daughter of none other than the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Mr. R. E. K. Rourke. From this point onward the

opperetta is built up to a hilarious climax. All through the production the Duke of Plaza-Toro, who in his own estimation is quite important, is continually suppressed by the Duchess, played by Mrs. Phyllis Saunders Hawkins. The plot finally unravels itself with a confession by Inez, Bernice Peppiatt, who reveals that Luiz, A. C. Johnston, is the rightful king of Barataria.

The other minor rôles were taken equally well by Ronald Moore, as Antonio; John MacCrea as Francesco; Charles King as Giorgio; B. W. Glendinning as Annibale; Mrs. Lillian Brennand as Fiametta; Miss Meeda Williams as Vittoria, and Miss Florence Goldsmith as Giulia.

Chorus of Contadine: Ruth Doyle, Dorothea Elines, Audrey Geer, Doris Gibney, Eileen Hart, Doris Johns, Helen Nesbitt, Clarice Peppiatt, Laura Phimister, Mary Rosamond, Velma Thompson, Frances Walsh.

Chorus of Gondolieri: George Bell, Tom Campbell, Don Kyle, Pierre Lanctot, Ed Mack, Pete McGibbon, Bob McGibbon, Glen McKee, Ted Rising, Jack Robb, Ben Terry, Fraser Thompson.

Pages: John Mack, John Rankin.

Sets designed by R. Renzius, Alvin Hilts.

Sets executed by R. Renzius, Alvin Hilts, John Byrne, Bob Herdegen, Art Dyer, W. A. Pollard.

Properties: W. Sager, Thor Stephenson.

Stage Managers: C. R. Blackstock, Alvin Hilts, W. A. Pollard.

Publicity: A. B. Hodgetts.

Tickets: Miss M. Richardson.

Secretary: Peter Sloss.

Programme: R. Renzius, Jack Tisdall.





The Cast of "The Gondoliers"

An Experiment

IN YEARS PAST, hobbies of all kinds have been encouraged by the staff. Most of the students, however, had one fairly obvious objection and that was that most of them were unable to find enough spare time in which to work on their projects. Academic and athletic activities were found to be largely responsible for this situation so the staff decided to take steps to overcome it. As a result a number of schemes were discussed, the final plan being to set two periods a week aside for nothing but hobbies.

Consequently a number of interesting as well as amusing hobbies found a secure place in the routine of the college. Such organizations as the glee club, the camera club and the dramatic club were able to carry on their work without any interference from studies or sports. An even greater interest has been shown in the craft shop under the guidance of Mr. Renzius and Mr. Maitland.

The introduction of the special interest period, which is still in the experimental stage, may be considered a milestone in the school's achievement if it is successful.



*Out into the setting sun,
Out where the albatross play,
Out into the distant horizon,
The voyageur sails away.*



NORTHWARD HO!

DIFFERENT INDEED WAS THE SCHOOL'S DEPARTURE FOR LIMBERLOST.

About seven thirty on the morning we left, three busses were seen entering the gates of Pickering College. The morning was gray and rain threatened. Before eight o'clock the same morning three busses were seen leaving the gates of Pickering College. But what a change both in appearance and contents. On entering they were just three large ordinary-looking busses with empty baggage compartments. On leaving, the luggage compartments were filled almost to overflowing with skis, ski-poles and the luggage of some one hundred students and staff.

A stop at Barrie to fill up with gas, a stop at Huntsville to make the odd purchase of sun glasses, chocolate bars, etc., and at shortly after twelve a stop at Tally-Ho to change our mode of transportation from bus to truck and at one o'clock the Pickering College skiing party was partaking of a wholesome meal at Limberlost Lodge.

When we left Newmarket it was raining and there was very little, if any, snow. As we progressed farther northward the rain lessened, it grew colder and the amount of snow increased. By the time we had arrived at Limberlost the day was bright, clear, cold and some three or four inches of the soft down lay on the ground.

The first afternoon was spent for the most part in unpacking and settling in for a pleasant few days of skiing. Many went out for a short time to get their ski-legs back after the bus ride.

A pleasant sight met the eyes of everyone when they awoke the morning after. During the night it had turned quite cold and snow fell to the depth of three inches. During the remainder of our visit this snow was added to almost every day and the cold weather remained constant to make a skiing combination hard to beat.

This year we had with us two popular artists, well known to the School, in the persons of Miss Betty Holmes and Mr. Reg. Godden. Betty's songs



and Reg's playing added greatly to the enjoyment of many moments. Mr. Perry again was responsible for hours of entertainment in the form of moving pictures which he showed to us in the dining room of the main Lodge. Group sing-songs under the direction of the Headmaster gave us further amusement at nights. Bridge, ping-pong, reading, writing letters and listening to the radio were other features of the evenings. The days were of course fully spent either on trails or on the practice hills with the genial instructor Ross MacFarlane.

During the morning of the last day the annual competitions in cross-country racing, downhill racing and slalom racing were held adding the competitive touch to a season's skiing.

Although there was not as much snow as in previous years, the combination of bright frosty days and freshly fallen snow made for a grand outing and as we left the Lodge after lunch on that last day we took with us fond memories of many happy moments. We feel certain that we had had the best time that any Pickering College skiing party had ever had at Limberlost Lodge.



First Prize Photograph by Don McIntosh

THE EASTER CRUISE



ARRIVING AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION in New York very early (ten o'clock) Good Friday morning, the yearly party of erstwhile students and tourists from Pickering College disembarked from the Pullman on which it had been attempting to sleep between curves on the Lehigh Valley road, through the hills of Pennsylvania. A fleet of cabs drove up to the main entrance of the depot to transport the party, baggage, and Pop Perry's Bermuda literature to our penthouse atop the Statue of Liberty, but we waved them aside and called for a double portion, pardon me, two fleets. After depositing our luggage and coats, we partook of a hearty lunch, and then the gang split up, sort of a "you go my way and I'll go yours" idea. Within fifteen minutes Ed. Mack and Bob Herdegen were lost in New York's famed underworld, (Subway to you).

That evening the group collected at the French Casino, New York's famous night-spot, to enjoy a delicious dinner and view a remarkably clever floor show, and later some wandered over to the Cotton Club, of Ellington and Calloway fame.

Amid loud cheers, the blare of bands (three of them) flying flags, and streams of confetti, the Furness Line cruise boat, the magnificent "Monarch of Bermuda," steamed out of the New York harbour for Bermuda.

Two glorious days were spent at sea, getting acquainted with the ship and its thousand odd passengers, a few of whom were girls. Entertainment and amusement galore was provided for the hilarious vacationers in the way of movies, horse-races, dances, and so on.

The customs inspection upon our arrival at Hamilton, Bermuda, was a most trying affair, mainly because everyone had a bad case of "sea-legs" making it impossible to stand still for twenty seconds.

Two hours later found ten very tired gentlemen of the old school snoozing peacefully in their bungalow and breathing in the fresh tropical air.

There being no cars in Bermuda and carriages being too costly, the only alternative is bicycles. The moment of our arrival we arranged to rent bicycles and late that afternoon several of us went out for a spin. The cycles are mainly English with hand brakes, and when we blankety blank Canadians get into a jam we naturally resort to the pedals, and this proves embarrassing to say the least. And in our case resulted in several collisions with horses.

The following four days were all spent with bathing, touring the country, with cameras, attending the odd movie on a rainy day, and shopping at the many gift stores in town after trinkets, souvenirs, and perfumes for the family and . . . Dancing to the delightful strains of the many excellent orchestras on the stone terraces and in the spacious ballrooms of the various hotels formed the greatest part of our evening activities and charming girls were plentiful.

But, as the old saying goes, all good things must come to an end and when Friday morning rolled around every man-jack of us was wishing for a few more days on that island paradise. Three o'clock and the last tender left the docks bearing us out to our ship, the chartered Cunard liner, "M. V. Georgic."

The two beautiful days at sea were soon at an end and once more we beheld the towering skyline of Manhattan Island looming large before us.

The Sunday afternoon sightseeing and the trip back to Toronto were soon a memory, and school and the temperate climate a reality. And so a marvelous trip was at last brought to a conclusion. Although we may never return we will always remember the Bermuda trip as one of the highlights of our lives.



Cummer Scholar

HARDLY NECESSARY IT IS to present Thor Stephenson, this year's Cummer Scholar. Since coming to us four years ago like a young Lochinvar out of the West, he has earned an enviable and truly justified position in the school. In athletics, First Team football, hockey, ardent baseball, and tennis player: in academics, an equally fine record. Thor has been chairman of the Student Committee all year and is one of the mainstays of Bob Rourke's aggregation of Rooters. And now the winner of the Garrett Cane.

To you, Thor, we offer congratulations, and best wishes for a successful future.



These Conservationists Planted Oaks on Coronation Day

EXCHANGES

WE WISH TO ACKNOWLEDGE with many thanks the receipt of the following publications:

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
 Annual, King Edward High School, Vancouver, B.C.
 Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Collegian, Collegiate-Vocational Institute, Stratford, Ontario.
 Elevator, Collegiate and Vocational School, Belleville, Ontario.
 Hatfield Hall Magazine, Hatfield Hall, Cobourg, Ontario.
 In Between Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Lower Canada College Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal.
 Ludemus, Havergal College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Muse, Malvern Collegiate, Toronto, Ontario.
 Norvoc, Northern Vocational School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Oakwood Oracle, Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto, Ontario.
 Oracle, London South Collegiate, London, Ontario.
 St. Andrew's College Review, St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.
 Tatler, Lindsay Collegiate, Lindsay, Ontario.
 Tech. Tatler, Danforth Technical School, Toronto, Ontario.
 The Adventure, Magee High School, Vancouver, B.C.
 The Albanian, St. Alban's, Brockville, Ontario.
 The Boar, Hill Field School, Hamilton, Ontario.
 The Branksome Slogan, Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario.
 The Bugle, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alta.
 The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.
 The Collegian, St. Thomas Collegiate, St. Thomas, Ontario.
 The Echoes, Collegiate and Vocational School, Peterborough, Ontario.
 The Georgian, St. George's School, Vancouver, B.C.
 The Grove Chronicle, The Grove, Lakefield, Ontario.
 The Grumbler, Collegiate and Vocational School, Kitchener-Waterloo.
 The Heliconian, Moulton College, Toronto, Ontario.
 The Johnian, St. John's College, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
 The Mitre, University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 The Oracle, The Collegiate, Woodstock, Ontario.
 The Parkdalian, Parkdale Collegiate, Toronto, Ontario.
 The Torch, The High School, Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.
 The Trinity University Review, Trinity College, Toronto, Ontario.
 The Twig, University Schools, Toronto, Ontario.
 The Vulcan, Central Technical School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Victoria College Magazine, Victoria College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Vox Lycei, Central Collegiate, Hamilton, Ontario.
 The Windsorian, King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N.S.
 Acta Collegii, Chatham Collegiate Institute, Chatham, Ont.
 Garneau High School, Edmonton, Alberta.

ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES



AFTER 10 YEARS

"IN THE BEGINNING" College teams met other schools on the field and ice and floor in rugby, hockey and basketball. Other games were played but they did not have the same following. From the first it was the Headmaster's wish that our games be those common to the country and it was decided to leave cricket off the list until there was a definite demand for it from the students.

We have seen teams at the College become famous for the record of wins they have had. We have seen teams equally notable for the losses they sustained. Students have stood out as stars in all sports and others have tried and have "only been another member of the team." Whatever the team it can be truthfully said that the emphasis has been on playing the best possible game regardless of the score, the opponent and number of the team—first second or fifth. It has been the wish of the school that the student have the experience of being a member of a team. Most of the students that have been at the College during the last ten years have been on at least one team, and because they have, most students have had the thrill of winning, of holding a stronger opponent to a low score, of surpassing their best and achieving the impossible.

The team games, sometimes called the major sports, received most attention during the early years. Gradually more games have been added to the list, more and better facilities provided, more attention given to the less highly publicized games. Lacrosse, touch football, badminton, skiing, archery, tennis and golf have greater followings now. We believe that it is important for the student to learn to play these other less arduous games while he is young. Physical education equips the student with activities for the present and future. More fun is to be had from a thing that is known and can be done well.

Athletes of the College have established a fine record for sportsmanship. It is our hope that it may be maintained. Fair play should characterise all our relations one with another. To strive and win is good, to strive and lose without complaint is equally worthy. The perfect game is one in which the final score is even. May the Blue and Silver continue to be topped,—win, lose or draw,—with a grin and the extended hand of friendship.

The question "What do I get out of it?" is asked by a great many people before they will go into anything. Many young people ask the same question about the sports they play. Play was not designed as a means of getting something in the way of a tangible reward but as a means of having fun. To know how to play makes life at all ages more enjoyable. The time soon passes when the student is able to thrill to the cheers of the crowds in the stands and when those days are gone it is the less spectacular games that will give him the fun and pleasure he seeks.

Recognition was given the outstanding players in three sports the first year, rugby, hockey and basketball. Track and field athletics were added. At the beginning of this present year it was decided that students would

(Please turn to page 88)

FOOTBALL

Personnel of the Team

SEVERAL OF THE PLAYERS on this year's team had outstanding ability notably **Shanhouse**, because of his superb snapping and defensive play; **McKee**, with his hard-hitting plunges and tackling; **King**, on account of his dependable kicking, catching and running; **Stauffer**, because of his hard tackling, enthusiasm and gameness, and **MacLaren**, who, on the strength of his playing last season and the early part of this year, should be mentioned for his amazing broken field running, his catching and his courage.

Another group of players showed up as being exceptionally good—**Stevenson**, at quarter made a very good general, earned the confidence of his team mates and never fumbled. His tackling was apt to be a bit weak. **MacTavish** (Captain) led his troops through some tough struggles, and he himself had to play the "man of the hour" in so many different positions that he did not get a chance to star. His tackling was very fine in one or two games.



Herdegen and **Sutcliffe** were cracking good outsides when they were "on." They were particularly good on the defense. **Robb** lent a lot of valuable weight to the line, was reliable, good at making holes and one of our best line tacklers. **MacIntosh** was one of the dependable men on the squad. His tackling was good. When he subbed at snap, his passing was soft but accurate and his secondary defense work amazing.

Leitch, playing on the line this year was one of the best tacklers. He hit 'em hard. **Tisdall** played great football in September, but faded in October. He lost his early season pep. **Lanctot** turned in performances of tackling in one or two games that were spectacular. He showed great improvement over last season. **Rising** was good at the beginning of the season, but faded a bit. His style on the line is very finished. The

McGibbon twins improved definitely as the season wore on. Their lack of weight was a handicap in the earlier games, but they learned that a hard driving tackle could compensate for this lack. **Eakins** showed up as a tackler against his old school mates. Ordinarily he lacked drive.

Lewis had about the toughest position to fight for. He played well against the lighter teams and turned in some good tackling. **Young** did not get much of a chance to show his "stuff," being out of the game a good part of the season. He ran well and was very enthusiastic.

Wood was weak at plunging, but saved the day more than once by intercepting forward passes at the crucial moment. **MacCallum** tossed his weight around very creditably and often carried out some valuable line work. **Moore** worried too much about where he was to play. His tackling was weak. With more drive he should do well. **Freedman** had the ability to plunge, but lacked staying power and love of the game. **Dyer** was out most of the season, but looked first rate when he was on, with plenty of speed and drive.

Manager Mack carried out his duties faithfully and well. He deserves special mention for his handling of records, tackling charts, etc., and for the way in which he attended to the various details of out-of-town games. Mack was ably assisted in his department by **Norrie** and **Mitchell**. Nice work, all of you.

A tackle chart was kept in 12 games, and while we recognize that a player can be good and yet not be called upon to make many tackles, we think that for linemen and secondary defense players it is interesting to note what they did. It should be said of this year's team that defensively it was by all odds the best we have had. No opposing team was able to score heavily, and in most of the games the scores were kept to single numbers.

Playing in 9 out of 12 games Shanhouse made the greatest number of tackles—102—and earned the best game average of 11.3. MacIntosh made the greatest single score, 18 in one game.

For your interest, here is a list of the 10 top tacklers, with their averages and best single efforts.

Player	No. of Games	Total Tackles	Av. Per Game	Highest in any Game
Shanhouse	9	102	11.3	17
Stauffer	7	66	9.4	12
McKee	10	91	9.1	13
Sutcliffe	9	71	7.9	14
Herdegen	12	78	6.5	16
MacIntosh	9	58	6.4	18
MacTavish	11	65	5.9	10
Tisdall	10	55	5.5	10
Leitch	12	67	5.4	9
Robb	12	64	5.3	12

FIRST FOOTBALL . . . TEAM

*(Back)*

NORRIE
ROBB
DYER
LEITCH
MCINTOSH
SHANHOUSE
MOORE
MACCALLUM
MACK, E.
MITCHELL

(Inset)

TISDALL
MACLAREN

(Centre)

C. R. BLACKSTOCK (coach)
G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON
(Asst. Headmaster)
SUTCLIFFE
MCGIBBON, R.
EAKINS
RISING
LANCOT
HERDEGEN
MCGIBBON, P.
R. H. PERRY (head coach)

(Front)

McKEE
WOOD
STEPHENSON
KING
McTAVISH (Capt.)
STAUFFER
LEWIS
YOUNG
FREEDMAN
(Mascot)
J. MACK

First Team Football

ANOTHER FOOTBALL SEASON AT PICKERING has come and gone, with new players making a mark for themselves, and old players lamenting that their last game for the College has been played.

Despite the fact that the school withdrew from their regular schedule with U.T.S. and St. Mike's a group of games were arranged which aroused much enthusiasm amongst the players and spectators who regularly crowded the sidelines of the south field.

This year's team although light along the line, made up for their disadvantage in weight by having a fighting spirit which carried them many yards down the field by sheer drive and dogged determination.

The season has always opened with the anticipated game against the Old Boys, who despite their condition managed to execute a few sagacious plays which were practically abnormal in value, but effective in running up an eight to zero score.

With U.T.S. the school managed to draw a tie by winning one game here and losing a game to them on their own grounds, University Stadium. These two games drew much attention as the school has long been a friendly rivalry with U.T.S. and always tries for recognition by winning from this school. In games with Oakwood, T.C.S., Runnymede, Lakefield and others the team managed to come out ahead of the schedule by a decisive winning margin.

This season completes ten successful years of football at Pickering.

Junior Football

THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM enjoyed a good season this year, thanks to Mr. Hodgetts. Although not doing so well at the first they steadily improved and at the end of the season were clicking like a well-oiled machine.

The team on the whole was very well balanced having a decidedly strong line; hard hitting and peppy. The ends were very good on most occasions, making some spectacular and frequent tackles. The backs were hard plunging and tricky and the kicking stood out on many occasions when it was well needed.

There was a touch of that same old handicap during the first quarter or so of the first few games. That is they couldn't get going soon enough. Once they got under way it was usually too bad for the opposition.

The Junior Footballers added glory to the school by beating our old rivals U.C.C. for the first time in many a moon.

In the last Earl Haig mix-up our boys were well battered but stood up against the opponents and threw them back. It was a crowd-pleasing game and many spectacular plays were pulled.

We thank you Birnie for your great coaching job and you certainly deserve a lot of credit.



The Fighting Firsts

The Green Bay Packers

THANKS TO THE ABLE COACHING of Messrs. Widdrington and Sager our Green Bay Packers had a very successful season.

Playing most of their games on hard or snow covered fields the Packers never said "die," but fought all the way, usually against heavier and more experienced teams. Their especially baffling "sequence play," completely baffled everyone including the Packers themselves. Their forward passing plays were also very pretty but usually were completed by the opposite team. In one of their games the Packers played brilliantly against their annual rivals, U.T.S. With but a few minutes to go and with the score tied they threw a forward pass. U.T.S. caught the pass and—well anyway it was a nice game.

Although the results of the games indicate that they were usually at the small end of the score they fought hard and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It was too bad that the Packers did not get organized until the end of the season or else this article might have had a different theme.

SKI-CLUB

LIKE SO MANY MAGNIFICENT SCHEMES, the Pickering College Ski-Club looked good on paper. Unlike the many grandiose day-dreams that fade away and die an anaemic death in practice however, the Pickering College Ski-Club, for all its high-sounding name, saw scant opportunity to even practice what it preached. Canadian winters are marvelous things, but this one was as snowless as an Eskimo in Florida. And what can you expect a ski

club to do without snow? Well, it could give its members badges, buttons, magazines, annuals, moving-picture instruction, and cheering weather reports. All these it endeavoured to do, but difficult indeed it was to bribe the weatherman. However, some days, when the temperature was low and enthusiasm high, when imagination was a-plenty and snow was scarce, a few intrepid and daring souls trusted themselves to the wiles of the muddy slopes of Losterlimb's many trails.

Then came Limberlost! It is even rumoured that it had been so long since some of the party had seen snow that they insisted that some one had sprinkled several feet of salt over half the northland to fool them. But, forsooth, the soft white blanket was the real thing, and it wasn't long till everyone knew what a snowdrift looked like from the inside.

While at Limberlost enough time was taken out to run off a few races. Milliken, followed closely by McKee and Meighen scooted down the hill for the senior race, and Glendinning in the intermediate, along with Bamford in the Juniors, took first places. Over hill and dale dashed Kyle, while not far behind came King and Herdeggen for the senior Cross-Country. In the intermediate and junior classes, Strauss and Laurin took the prizes. In the slalom, (a game in which the skiers slither down a slope through a lot of pretty red flags, and which looks as silly to skiers as to the uninitiated at times), Robinson, McKee, and Herdeggen took the senior contest. Rankin in the intermediate and Bamford in the junior stole first places.

The number of people skiing without their tests is umpteen times greater than the number of people driving without licenses, yet the results seem less fatal. Mr. Perry, Orr, Adelberg, McCrea, McKee, Bamford, Glendinning, Laurin and King, however, passed their Third Class Tests, thus adding a few more to the list of accomplished skiers in the school.

It was fun while it lasted, but it didn't last long enough.



HOCKEY

First Team Hockey, Personnel

"Hancus" Hindman and Don McIntosh shared the goal-tending chores; the former took a little time to round into form (ha! ha!) but was brilliant towards the end of the season; his faults are still those of over-impetuosity and too much flopping; McIntosh improved amazingly all season and only turned in one sub-par effort. He learned to use his length to good effect and handled long shots with ease.

We had four defence men this season, but injuries and illness made it impossible to develop a real understanding between partners. "Hap" McKee was the most effective but was too anxious to rush: his body checking was solid, when it connected, and his rushes were productive of goals, though he was apt to hang on to the puck too much. Charlie Wheaton showed real improvement, especially on the attack, but illness cut his season short. "Chuck" Read was still inclined to let rushes get around him by turning the wrong way, but blocked effectively in front of goal. His rushing did not show much improvement. Joe Stauffer, the bad man, was a natural and highly effective body checker, but slow on his skates and not effective in rushing.

Up forward we had a line which for scoring effectiveness and general polish was in my opinion the most successful the college has ever had. It consisted of Thor Stephenson at right wing, Ray McTavish at centre and Captain George Fleming at left wing. As a line their passing was generally accurate and clean, their shooting well on the target, their back-checking good. My only criticism is that in some games they tired easily, especially in the last period. Individually, Stephenson shone for his playmaking, McTavish for his persistence and fore-checking, and Fleming for his deadly shooting; George also deserves a hand for a captaincy modestly, but effectively carried out. The emphasis on the first line casts no reflection on the individual abilities and determination of the other forwards, even if their combination work did not click so well. Bob Sutcliffe was the fastest man on the team going both ways, and a fine stick-handler. But he fell down on his shooting and finish around the nets; furthermore, centre is not his natural position and he was never very happy there. Bernie Buskard on right wing was going as fast and checking as well as last year, but he failed to improve offensively. Peter Marsh on left wing was inconsistent, but on his good days he back-checked well and showed promise as a play-maker. He was terribly sloppy in clearing the puck in his own blue line area. Reg. Lewis acted as general utility man and improved as the season progressed. He had persistence but lacked polish.

The team spirit was good, though not equalling that of the previous year. The tendency to criticize team-mates cropped up occasionally: it is most important to be able to help and advise team-mates, but leave the heavy criticism to the coach. Anyway, we all enjoyed the season.

L.M. MITCHELL
MANAGER

J. STAUFFER



C. WHEATON



C. READ

W. DARBY
MANAGER

B. BUSKARD

G. FLEMING
CAPTAIN

H. HINDMAN



R. McTAVISH



G. McKEE

PICKERING COLLEGE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM 1937



R. SUTCLIFFE

G.N. WIDDRINGTON
COACH

D. McINTOSH



T. STEPHENSON



R. LEWIS

J. McCULLEY
HEADMASTER

FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Games Played and Scores

VS.	Result	Score	VS.	Result	Score
*D. K. Fraternity	Won	4-1	U. T. S	Lost	3-4
*Pharmacy	Won	4-3	*Frigidaire	Tie	1-1
*S.A.C.	Won	6-2	Pharmacy	Won	7-2
*T. C. S.	Won	6-1	Frigidaire	Lost	3-4
Lakefield	Lost	3-6	*Old Boys	Won	5-1
U. T. S.	Lost	5-6			
*Oakwood	Tie	4-4	Totals:		
S. A. C.	Won	7-3	Games Played	17	
T. C. S.	Won	3-2	Won	9	
U. C. C.	Won	2-1	Lost	6	
*Lakefield	Lost	2-4	Tied	2	
Owen Sound Greys	Lost	2-3	Goals for	66	
			Goals against	47	
			* At Pickering		

First Team Hockey

OUR FIRST HOCKEY TEAM had another successful season this year. The team lost several of last year's stars. Nevertheless Mr. Widdy turned out another fine squad, although it was not as well balanced as the 1935-36 team. The schedule this year was a heavy one, calling for 17 games. Of these our team won nine, lost five and tied three. They scored 67 goals and had 44 scored against them.

The team started off well, by winning its first four games from Delta Kappa, Pharmacy, St. Andrew's and Trinity. Pickering then slumped badly, losing to Lakefield and U.T.S. while the game with Oakwood Collegiate ended in a tie. However, the fellows snapped out of their slump and took the powerful Upper Canada prep team into camp 2-1, in a great game. Encouraged by this surprise victory they defeated Trinity and St. Andrew's, in succession.

Once again the team hit the skids. They lost a thriller to Lakefield 4-2. They journeyed to Owen Sound and were defeated 3-2 by the Greys. The next day U.T.S. beat them again 4-3. However, once again the boys pulled themselves together, and ended the season by trouncing Pharmacy 7-2, and playing two tie games with Frigidaires.

Although the record of the team is not as impressive as last year, the fellows had a lot of fun and gained valuable experience. Many thanks to Widdy for his help both on and off the ice (especially on.)

Second Team Hockey

THE SECOND TEAM, which is usually the haven for aged decrepits, changed its custom this year. Instead of a bunch of aged, toothless, doddering athletes it changed its style and, in their place were a group of youthful, athletic puck-pushers who really played hockey instead of football. Bolstered by a real Blue nose (it was red sometimes) goalie, and a husky, curly haired forward from London-burg-On-The-Thames this team really went to town. They fought hard, often (after the game) and generally went to town. Admittedly several of the players occasionally went on a sit down strike (in mid ice too) but they managed to get along and won a total of five games against four losses. I know they feel very indebted to Ronald H. (Daddy) Perry, their coach, who laughed and alternately mumbled in his beard (three hairs and some soup) over his amazing protégés. Congratulations "Pop" and to the team we only hope that they can keep up the good work next year and in all future years.



Midget Hockey

PICKERING STARTED the season with a 6-1 victory over the Newmarket High School. This year the Midget hockey squad under the able coaching of Mr. Veale were very successful in their season. The second encounter was with "the Grove," Lakefield. Because of lack of ice, the Midgets started to practice late, but they managed to hold their opponents to a 3-3 score, after leading for most of the game. The next match was with S.A.C. Pickering came through with a win, but the continued attacking of St. Andrew's made it a tough scrap. In the return game at Aurora rink, the ice wasn't very good and as a result many fluke goals were scored. The Pickering boys had the best of the game, coming through with a 5-4 victory. The game was a bit rougher than usual, a major and a minor penalty being given to two of the lads. But all in all it was a hard fought game. The Midgets then had a long lay-off until U.T.S. ventured up from the Big Town. In this game the visitors had the advantage and won by a 6-1 tally. The next game was the most fun of all, to watch and to play. The Old Boys, starring Coach Veale, took this 3-2. The year featured the fast lines of McGillivray, Creed and Willson, Phipps, Robertson, McComb, Bell, T. Campbell with Robb and Campbell on defence and Henry in goal.

Firth House Hockey

WITH MR. SAGER AND MR. BAKER as coaches, the Firth House Hockey team had a swell season of fun. Although we lost most of our games, it was still fun. The season was started by a game with Newmarket High in which we were defeated 5-2. The second game against the same opponents was also a loss to the tune of 4-2. 4-2 was also the score by which we lost to St. Andrew's. When we trimmed St. Paul's 6-2 it was our first and only victory. Then we ended up the season by losing to St. Andrew's 3-0.

Badminton

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS badminton has gained a great deal in popularity throughout Canada, and Pickering College is no exception. Admittedly this delicate sport is no recreation for fat boys (we have some in Pickering you know) but it can certainly work up a sweat and Mr. Chipman I am sure will vouch for that. Both staff and students played this extremely fast game and though there were no outstanding players in the school, a good time was had by all participants. No tournaments were held as of last year, but there were several interesting grudge matches between two elderly members of the staff, (the bullies), and two youthful students who strangely enough, lost both matches. Next year we hope that badminton will be even more popular and in closing many thanks to Blackie who kept everything running smoothly and taught us the better fundamentals of the game. We might however add one word to the basketball players and lacrosse lunatics who besport themselves all over the gym when we are playing. Just Scram!

BASKETBALL

Basketball Team 1936-37

Abrams, Claude—It's a long time since Claude first donned the Blue and Silver uniform and stepped out on the floor with a Firth House team. Since that time he has lived up to the promise he showed and this year turned in his best season. Though a bit temperamental at times he played hard, usually against six opponents.

Dyer, Art—The "bad man" of the team, but one of a pair of grand guards. Unquestioned ability that gets out of control, frequently to the detriment of the team. Always enthusiastic and ready to go, we hope that he will have more years' playing the game.

King, Chas.—Captain again. The teammate of Dyer on defense, he too showed more aggression on the attack to become one of the high scorers of the team. Chas. seldom lost his head but he did "take fire" as much as he might so that it effected his team.

Moore, Ron—As cool and at times as casual a player as one could hope for. However he really made great improvement this season, and another should find him one of the best among high school players. A tall center will have less advantage under the new rules, but with our style of play he will be just as useful with his improved game.

McCrea, John—A coach seldom has a chance to see a player improve so much in a season as John did. He gained in self-confidence too, so that he became a dependable altern-

ate for either of the guards. Here's a guard for another year!

McDowell, Bill—Most of you can't remember when "Caesar" came to the College. He ranks with the best forwards we have had and "tops" most of them for speed and grace of movement. No player fought harder for the team and, if you don't mind, we would like to label him as one of the "little greats" of basketball at Pickering.

Rising, Ted—Ted could be a far better player were he a better ball handler. Lacked a little in zest and zipp but made some improvement during the season. Perhaps another year would find him better. We hope that he stays at the game.

Rogers, Ross—Personally we have been waiting about four years for this to happen to Ross. There is a medal due the person who instilled the drive and pep that he had this season. With the exception of a couple of games, he turned in the best of his career, and that's quite a thing when you look it over. If Ross comes back, we have a few tricks for him to learn, but he used most of those he had this season.

Herdegen, Robert—Towards the end of the season we lost our manager for a while. If players got through with their jobs as rapidly as he does, there would be a "team." He did his job well, but he never tarried long enough for you to think up all the things that you wanted him to do. He made straight for the goal—the door.

W.M. DOWELL R. ROGERS R. MOORE C. ABRAMS

PREP. GROUP CHAMPIONS
SEMI-FINALISTS T AND D ASSOCIATION

A. DYER J.M. CREA T.E. RISING C. KING
CAPTAIN

**PICKERING COLLEGE
FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM
1937**

R. HERDEGEN MANAGER J.M. CULLEY HEADMASTER C.R. BLACKSTOCK COACH

FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Games Played and Scores

VS.	Result	Score	VS.	Result	Score
*Danforth Tech.	Won	23-22	*T. C. S.	Won	58-17
*D. K. U. Fraternity. . .	Won	22-10	Malvern Collegiate. . .	Won	38-23
*U. T. S.	Won	23-17	*Old Boys	Won	59-20
U.T.S.	Lost	15-21	*Etobicoke H. S.	Lost	35-38
*Newmarket H. S. . . .	Won	42-40	*Midland	Tie	44-44
St. Andrew's College. .	Won	34-17	Etobicoke H. S.	Lost	25-29
*U.T.S.	Won	24-17			
*St. Andrew's College. .	Won	26-25	Totals: Won		13
T. C. S.	Lost	26-35	Lost		4
U.T.S.	Won	29-25	Tied		1
*Orangeville H. S. . . .	Won	37-21	Points for		612
*Malvern Collegiate . .	Won	52-21	Points against		442

* At Pickering

Senior Prep Basketball

IF EVER A TEAM had the chance of going anywhere, this was the team, and this was the year. But despite the fact they did not reach the long sought goal, this team turned in an enviable record.

This year's basketball squad was the same as the former year, with the exception of two players who left the school last June. With a wealth of last year's training behind the team and Blackie's able coaching, this year the team looked really fine.

Although the team played two less games this season than last, they had a far more successful year, winning 13 out of 17 games. The four-game series with U.T.S. was hotly contested but Pickering came out 3-1 the winners. Hard, fast, and good basketball featured this series.

Winning the group entitled the squad to play Etobicoke High School in the Toronto and District semi-finals. Etobicoke won out by 7 points on the round and were just about that much better than our team, for, as we were erratic, they were sure and steady. This year 11 exhibition games were played, 10 of which were victories, the other a loss to T.C.S., was soon avenged. They also played Danforth Tech., Newmarket High, St. Andrew's, Malvern, and the Old Boys. All of these teams put up good battles and showed the finest sportsmanship.

The team wish to thank Blackie for his patient help in coaching the squad through this season, and also Mrs. Blackstock for the tasty victuals that, even though they did not come within the training regulations, were much appreciated.

Senior North York Basketball

AS USUAL the Senior North York team never won any games, but habitually they tried hard and kept the name of the College at the head of the Sportsmanship League.

We were entered in a league with Newmarket, Richmond Hill and Aurora and even though badly beaten in each encounter, we had a great deal of fun and felt very indebted to Mr. Blackstock who spent much of his valuable time in teaching us the fundamentals of the game which all beginners (and we were) must learn sometimes. Next year we hope to improve a great deal, but whether we do or not, I know that we will fight hard and try to put our team in the win column.

A Note of Apology

UNFORTUNATELY, last year's magazine failed to give due recognition to the services of Birnie Hodgetts in coaching the Senior Basketball squad during the early part of the season in Mr. Blackstock's absence. We humbly offer apology for so glaring an omission, and hope Mr. Hodgetts will accept the belated thanks of Blackie, the Team and the School.

GOLF

AS ONE FAMOUS GOLFER ONCE SAID, (I think it was Norris Brandon) "Golf is a swell game to teach you how to control your temper." So it is around Pickering College; the only profitable thing one learns here is how to keep his temperature down. The atmosphere in Aurora is perfect, (that's where we play at golf), and the smell of food, (and that's not all either) is enough to spur on the slowest duffer. Some golfers such as Mr. Brandon and Court Baker practically run around—anyway they trot. Par is 70 and that is the usual Pickering score (for 9 holes). It is quite a common sight to see Mr. McCulley, Wm. Sager and other less renowned turf toppers grunting around the course and cursing individually each blade of grass. If you really want to have some fun, play a two-ball foursome right behind them and boy will you laugh! There is one very beneficial fact about the Aurora course, it practically lacks rough and it is impossible to lose a golf ball (wait till Beans McCallum sees this) which of course will make any Scotchman's eye shine with the lust of profit and say "play golf son, as much as you like."

Well anyway we have a lot of fun playing golf in Aurora and it is so nice to have a cool, appetizing (m m m) club house and such congenial hosts as Bob and Mrs. Watt after a gruelling 18 holes. It is even better when you can get a ride back without hitch-hiking, but everything can't be perfect. Remember: replace the divots even if you go to Pickering.

TENNIS

TENNIS has always been Pickering's foremost Spring sport, but this year because of continuous raining it was late in starting. However, this did not hamper the vim, vigour, and vitality of the scores of enthusiasts, and as soon as Mr. Blackstock announced that the courts were ready they were in demand from that day on. The student body has many promising stars in this field, and great interest was aroused by the proposed tournament with U.C.C. Many stirring battles have been waged between staff and students and some for keeps.

On Sports Day the tennis meet was as usual successful and we are indebted to Mr. Holmes and Mr. Hodgetts for making the games run more smoothly. We are also indebted to these two sterling performers for helping us with our individual tennis merits, and for giving everyone a chance to use the courts at least once a day. Credit is also due to Mr. Blackstock and the men who helped keep the courts in shape and to all those hardy pioneers who built the practise board in the gym.

In closing I wish to repeat by saying that tennis again took the limelight in Spring sports and that we only hope that the courts will be in as good a shape, and the players of the same calibre in future years as they were this year.

TRACK AND FIELD

TRACK AND FIELD has always been one of Pickering's foremost spring sports. The past few years have seen poor track teams but this year's was exactly the reverse.

A great many more athletes turned out and besported themselves around our huge track, 80 yards by 40 and Mr. Blackstock had visions of future Owens and Cunninghams and even Mr. Rourke was optimistic enough to think we might have one 12 second man. Well anyway over 20 boys worked out every day and on Wednesday afternoon there were 25. The team looked so good that mentors Rourke and Blackstock, after consulting the stars, thought that we might even have a chance to beat U.C.C.'s track squad.

So one sunny day over 20 fellows and nearly 10 spectators sallied down

to Toronto. That day is an epic in our history for, in the second interboarding school track meet Pickering College were the victors and by over 20 points too. Many exciting as well as many amusing incidents happened and all in all it was a fine meet. Ron Moore broke both the javelin and discus records in the intermediate division and Hap McKee won the relay for Pickering when the U.C.C. lad tripped on a pebble and fell on his face. McKee also putted the shot (he'd make a good golfer) farther than anyone else with a put of 38 feet which broke the school record. Milliken through the discus over 100 feet and even spectator James "Step-infetchit" McComb woke up to see that one.

However the U.C.C. meet was only a stepping stone to even greater feats.



For on a sunny Saturday near the end of May 4 out of 25 athletes had enough energy to represent the College at the Barrie District meet. Those 4 did very well and took a couple of firsts and a 3rd to get the amazing total of 14 points. It seems awfully ridiculous that out of 25 only 4 would go, because if the entire squad had roused enough School spirit in their systems, Pickering could have won that meet. But it has always been thus.

June 5th, however, was our big day. Bygones became bygones and the usually indifferent track stars came out in overwhelming numbers due mainly to the fact that there was a big crowd looking on. Many records were broken and it was a delight to see many fellows running around the track who wore their chairs out in the winter. Everything ran off smoothly and many records were bro-

ken. Ron Moore broke his discus record again, Jack Bowser jumped $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet and ran the 100 yards slightly under 11 seconds. George Fleming looked more like Cunningham when he ran the mile in slightly over 5 minutes and Ted Garfield won all the junior events. Dick Strauss, Ron Moore, Ben Terry, Jack Bowser, Bob Shanhouse and Vic Wood shone in the intermediate class which by the way was much better than the senior class. Fleming, MacDowell, Milliken, McKee, Sutcliffe, King and Stauffer shone in the senior class and Garfield was outstanding as a junior.

Everything else was also perfect, the weather, the crowd and the smart way the meet was run off. Of course we could mention the 3 or 4 boys who promised to enter events and then didn't but who wants to make these, flowers feel worse than they should. On the whole, though, a more than usually successful season.



BASEBALL

One of the things we inherited from our neighbors across the forty-ninth parallel besides Herdegen and Strauss was that old game of ball and bat,—you guessed it, baseball. Splendid indeed it is to gallop about the diamond to the sound of hard hit flies and grounders in the good old springtime, and as a warm-weather sport around Pickering it has many ardent devotees.



ARCHERY

Harkening back to Robin Hood and maybe even to shades of Cupid, archery, for all its historic and ancient background is one of the most popular and flourishing of modern sports. Here at Pickering, thanks to one of its most competent enthusiasts, J. A. Maitland, the pulling of the strong bow has become more than just a pastime. The usually expensive equipment is made in the craft shop under his expert tutelage and at a minimum of cost. In a dual meet with Upper Canada College, our marksmen proved their superiority and showed conclusively that archery has found a firm place for itself in this school's sports roster.



They Pull a Strong Bow

YE ANCIENT GAME OF HOP-SCOTCH . . .

STEEPED IN THE USUAL MISTS of mediaeval tradition, the origin of that most fascinating of games, hop-scotch, becomes to us literally buried in obscurity. This much, however, has been discovered for the ever-widening circle of interested enthusiasts.

Some considerable centuries ago on the braes o' bonnie Scotland, (the game is obviously Scotch, as the name implies; the "hop" is probably a corruption of the "highland fling"), this fast-reviving sport first came into existence. We know it was a long time ago because we personally have no remembrance of it. It was started as a summer sport, but as the winter came round, the natives found kilts to be a bit chilly, and began to jump about somewhat to keep warm. The resulting effect was so satisfactory it was incorporated right then and there into the game, and the players have been kept hopping ever since.

Part of the idea of the game is to draw a blueprint of a bungalow-trailer, complete with room for dear mother-in-law. On this ground scheme, loose stones are tossed, no mortar being used. Whether it was the man who got the fire-place built first, or the man that jumped into all the correct squares who won the game, we never found out. Anyway, they tell us it is a very absorbing game.

Never far behind the times,—at least not very far—athletes of Pickering College were soon conscious of the limitless possibilities of this new discovery of the sports world, and it now ranks, among the major sports, next to hockey and auction bridge.



"Pals"

(Continued from page 17)

by any external sanctions is a valid educational method. The only real discipline is self-discipline which is much more a matter of inner controls than it is a matter of external rule.

It is for this reason that in Pickering College there is a minimum resort to certain techniques which school-masters have at times found convenient or expedient,—corporal punishment, detention, lines,—on the one hand, and prizes, rewards or favours on the other.

I have frequently been asked what we do in this, that or the other instance when a student violates this, that or the other rule or regulation. I always have to explain that in the first place we keep "rules" at a very minimum (are not prohibitions a challenge to all of us? If I remember correctly this was one of the lessons taught by the story of our first parents in the Garden of Eden!) In the second place, any rules that there are must be rules that have an obviously reasonable basis, not merely from the point of view of the adults in the school community, but also from the point of view of the students; any penalty must be a penalty which follows automatically, inevitably and uniformly. Any person familiar with either a school situation or with a knowledge of child growth and development will recognize full well that there are few situations that lend themselves to this type of "rule" or "law."

The great bulk of so-called school misdemeanors are largely the results of thoughtlessness, forgetfulness or even ignorance. The fundamental purpose of the school is to develop thoughtfulness, courtesy, consideration of others and a growth in sympathetic understanding of one's fellows. When school misdemeanors occur it is the duty of the teacher to discover the cause behind the action and if possible to remove that cause. This requires infinite patience on the part of the teacher, willingness to sit down with a child and to discuss the whole matter not merely until some verbal assent has been arrived at, but until he is sure that there is, on the part of the pupil, a real understanding of the factors that are involved. I am quite willing to grant that there are times when it would be infinitely simpler, at the moment, to exert compliance with a rule by sheer force of personality or by other power or force available to the adult. It is my very profound conviction that worthy character does not grow in this way.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF MISTAKES

Such an attitude toward discipline necessitates that the growing child should, during the years of his adolescence be given an increasing opportunity for making choices. It is equally obvious that no choice is really a choice unless it is made with complete freedom. Any adult, be he parent or teacher can counsel, can advise, but there are few instances in which he should command. Granted such freedom, the growing child will inevitably make some wrong choices. It is desirable, however, that wrong choices, if they are to be made, should be made as early as possible. The child who is prevented from making choices of his own grows into adulthood with the mind of an infant. Sooner or later the day comes when he will have to choose for himself without advice or direction and if he has not had experience in making choices, how great will be the fall thereof. The Lord God does not grow oak trees in

hothouses; nor does character grow strong and vital except in an atmosphere where there is some chance to be bad.

I know quite well that this sounds like a dangerous doctrine and seen by itself it certainly appears to be risky. It must be recognized, however, that a belief in this doctrine is supplemented by the urgent necessity for the adult to stay close to the growing child in an effort to come to a sympathetic understanding of his problems. There must be a basic confidence and trust between the two parties.

On looking back over the past ten years I can recall many instances in which students have made mistakes—errors of judgment, committed misdemeanors or infractions of greater or lesser importance. I can also look back on these same experiences and see them as “learning situations” in which young life in the process of its development, learned valuable lessons from the experiences undergone. I can also say quite truly that some of my most valued friendships have developed out of these very situations when, following up the mistakes, the student and I had an opportunity to come to a much more real understanding each of the other.

This brings me very close to a principle which I feel to be the basic principle underlying the successful work of any teacher. We do not teach “subjects” but “children;” all the techniques of the classroom,—all the variety of complicated educational processes and programmes,—all the magnificent equipment available to the educator, means nothing except as it contributes to the finest growth of personality in young life. We live in a world infinitely vast, infinitely complex and still in the throes of a creative process which has been going on for millenia. In this universe of ours there is not, to our knowledge, anything quite so unique and quite so valuable as human life and personality. No one can tell what are the rich possibilities inherent in any given sample.

In the course of our routine and sometimes humdrum day to day work, I am constantly reminded of the old German school master who, on entering his classroom each day, doffed his hat to his class, with a most courteous gesture. When asked why he did it, he replied: “I do not know, but I feel quite certain that a greater than I is here.” Actuated by such a faith, the work of the school master presents a constant challenge. Undoubtedly there are disappointments. Equally undoubtedly there are many worries; Occasionally there are days (and particularly in the life of a boarding school with its succession of 24 hour days) when one wonders if the human physique will stand the strain. The constant faith in the material with which one is working, however, gives one courage to go on and human weakness becomes strengthened because of such a faith.

THE SCHOOL AND THE WORLD

During the past ten years it has been one of my deepest wishes that our work should result in the communication of that faith to many of our students. At times one wonders,—but as I look back now over the course of the ten years that have gone, I have felt that for very many of our boys their ex-

perience at Pickering has meant something of this sort. I am not sure that many of them could put it into words; if someone else put it into words for them they would probably be embarrassed and some might even deny it. The average adolescent is at heart an idealist and a romanticist, but he dislikes very greatly to be thought so.

We have, on many occasions, discussed controversial questions in our classrooms and discussion groups. I think I speak truly when I say that out of such discussions there has been a growth in the spirit of tolerance and a desire for understanding of the point of view of others than oneself. One of the greatest tasks that education can achieve is the removal of prejudices which are almost invariably emotional and irrational. If a boy can realize, even vaguely, that all human beings, irrespective of the colour of their skin, their creed or their social status, their race, their language, their religion, have fundamentally the same hopes, ambitions and aspirations as he himself, he cannot help but view prejudices and controversies of the world in a more tolerant spirit. It is for this reason that we in the school have endeavoured not to be dogmatic in the presentation of any question. We have tried to put the issues fairly before the student, insisting only on this basic principle,—that human values are in this world, of pre-eminent importance before all others.

If it were possible to develop a race or a nation who, as individuals, held this value to be paramount, our world would indeed be a happier world in which to live. Problems of social and economic relations, of national and

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international politics would find happier solution than is at present possible. The teacher who expounds such a gospel will be and in fact has been accused of being idealistic and impractical. Not only our own experience in the past ten years, however, but it also seems to me an intelligent reading of history, proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the most practical men have been those who held firmly to an ideal and who found ways, and means of expressing that ideal in their own daily lives. God forbid that any teacher should be so hard-headedly "realistic" that he induces in his pupils an attitude of cynicism, skepticism or precocious sophistication.

There are many other thoughts that occur to me at this time. There are many specific experiences that I would like to relate. I have, however, already exceeded the reasonable length of any article which I may look forward to being read. Furthermore, to relate some incidents would be to betray confidences. I have tried in these rambling paragraphs to indicate something of the philosophy of education that underlies our work. I am frank to confess that, being human, there have been times when performance has fallen far short of ideal. I am glad and happy, however, to have at this time, the privilege of making this declaration of faith and of consecrating my own powers and abilities, and in so far as I can my colleagues in the school to the finest profession and the noblest task in which I believe man can be engaged.

I can think of no fitter words in which to close than that fine expression

of confident hope in the future of our race written by John A. Symonds, and which we have sung so frequently in our school Chapel Service.

"These things shall be,—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise."

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(Continued from page 64)

have to play more than one sport to be eligible for a College athletic "letter." The student now must take part in some play activity during the other seasons of year, he need not be a top ranker in the other sports but he can no longer shine for a while and then fade out of the picture.

We believe that the step is in keeping with the best practices in physical education, that the student will be better prepared for good living in the community now and in the future. All "letters" were awarded this year on the basis of this new policy.

Another change that took place this year was withdrawing the First Football team from play in the Prep. School Group. We have threatened to do it on several occasions and finally made the step. The team played the usual schools with the exception of St. Mikes on an exhibition basis. In all probability the two basketball teams that have been playing in the Prep. School Group of the Toronto and District Association will be playing an exhibition series of games each year in the near future. In leagues no consideration is made for a school with a weak team. In any season such a team may turn up at a school, and it is definitely unfair to ask such a team to compete against others that are obviously much stronger. With the games on an exhibition basis it is possible for the school to get games with other teams that are of about the same ability. The past rugby season was one of the best that we have had and there was a lot less tenseness about it too.

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(Continued from page 36)

the delegations remained in formation. As a result a great many of them fainted.

Finally the day came when we were to depart for England aboard the Bremen. On our second to last morning in camp we appeared for the flag raising, not in our official uniforms, but en masse in some of the worst looking pajamas imaginable. On the very morning we left, the English lads cut the ropes on the flag pole and for a change there wasn't any flag raising. None of us were sorry to see Southampton once more, for the first time it really seemed like home.

The next two weeks were spent in London where we stayed at Connaught Hall, the Canadian residence for the University of London. Several trips were made to such places as Cambridge and Windsor. In London nearly all the places of interest were visited from London tower to the stables of Buckingham Palace. For most of us the time passed very quickly and it wasn't long before we once more arrived at Southampton to board the Empress of Australia for home.

Some eight days later we were at Quebec, a bit weary but rather sorry that the trip was at an end. Some of the fellows were going to the west coast, a couple to the States and the rest to Toronto and Montreal. Unfortunately it is almost impossible to express our appreciation of Canadian trains and most of all a real home cooked meal after some of the so-called food we had in Germany. But regardless of some of our experiences there wasn't a member of the party that wouldn't have taken the entire trip all over again.

(Continued from page 28)

beside her. Mrs. Pickusup is interested in where Willie is going. Willie makes an impressive answer, "To visit my Aunt," says Will. Satisfied with the reply she asks Will where he comes from.

This situation is so common that before we deal with how Willie handled it we will give a little added advice. It is the rare Mr. or Mrs. Pickusup who does not exclaim, "Oh so you are one of Joe McCulley's boys." You must be tactful and feel them out at first to discover whether they refer to the school in a famous or notorious light. The pressure must be alleviated in either direction and this is done by telling the truth for the former misapprehension and recalling guest speaker addresses for the latter one.

As mentioned before, Mrs. Pickusups are rare and strangely enough this Mrs. Pickusup is of the particularly rare variety who claim to be ignorant of the existence of Pickering College. Willy is doubly ignorant when he commits himself by exposing the hardships which he undergoes while imprisoned. As Willie expostulates the evils of such institutions he is unobservant of the smile upon Mrs. P's face. Not until he steps out of the car does Willie turn a pale pink. "Nevertheless, I still think that Joe is a swell fellow," she remarks, "you might tell him for me that you met Mrs. P—D—Q. He'll remember, I'm an old school chum. I'm sure you didn't mean all you said because I know Joe!" Dumb and motionless, Willyam, Willie, Bill, Our Bill (all the same person) stands beside himself and prays for an earthquake.

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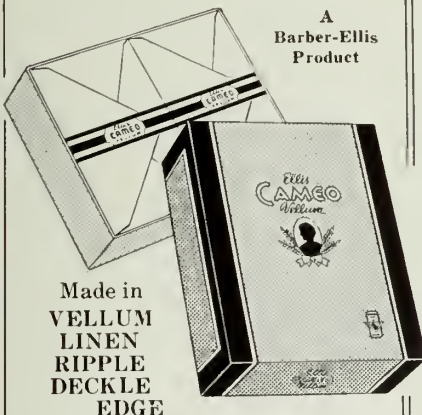
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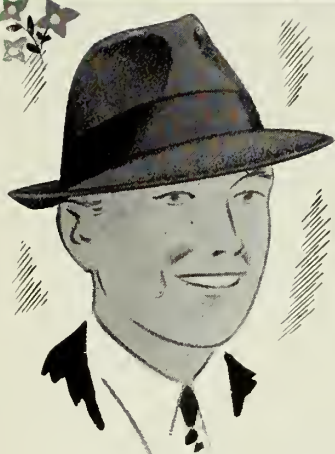
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